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ROSES RED.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Roses red! roses red! who will buy?
Roses red! roses red! here I cry!
They blush, and hang each dew-gemmed head,
Whene'er my darling's lips are nigh.
That seem on fragrant rose leaves fed,
That seem on fragrant rose leaves fed!

Roses red! roses red! here I cry!
Roses red! roses red! come and buy!
Do you wonder where they grow?
If I tell you, sure you'll buy;
For on my darling's cheeks they glow,
For on my darling's cheeks they glow!

In a Weak Moment.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THURSDAY, the day of the first meet of the hounds at Crumlech Forest, has also been fixed upon for the theatricals and the ball at Garth Court. Grisel has extended her stay till the event is over, and Mrs. Wytcherley and Blanche have also spent the last two days at the Court in order that Blanche may be present at the final rehearsals, and make one of the hunting-party on this long looked-forward-to first meet of the season.

Contrary to her usual custom and the principle oftentimes expressed that fox-hunting is cruel sport and not fit for women to indulge in, Grisel intends on this occasion to follow the hounds, and is immediately beset on all sides with offers of a mount.

Among the first to come forward is the Honorable Alfred Cardwell, the gentleman with the eyeglass and the lisp whose acquaintance Grisel had made at her first dinner-party at Garth Court. Coming up to her as she stands turning over some music at the piano to find a song which Lady Deane has asked her to sing, Mr. Cardwell plunges at once into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Oh, I thay, Mith Wytcherley," he exclaims, twitching out his eyeglass to get a better view of her, "do let me give you a mount to-morrow! I have two hunterth here, don't you know, and you shall have Red King; he'th a regular thtunner, and will carry a lady like—like thteam!"

"Oh, but I shouldn't like to be carried like steam! I'm dreadfully nervous on horseback!" Grisel replies, her eyes sparkling.

"Oh, well, but I thay, I didn't mean that, of course! I'll take great care of you—I will, 'pon my word! Thay you'll go?"

"Well, I will see. Yes, perhaps I will;" and, heedless of the Honorable Alfred's voluble thanks, Grisel sits down and sings "The Garden of Sleep," her thoughts all the while busy with many things, especially with the fact that Alan Pierpoint has been the only one to take no interest in her resolve to hunt on the morrow.

She has scarcely finished her song however when she hears his voice behind her say—

"Miss Wytcherley, pardon me, but it can't be true what that ass Cardwell has just told me, that you are going to ride one of his horses! I won't have it!"

Grisel turns upon him with angry hauteur.

"And why not, Mr. Pierpoint?" she asks.

"Simply because he knows as much about horseflesh as a cat! The idea of his endangering your life by letting you ride one of his confounded hacks!"

"I can ride," observes Grisel coldly.

"No doubt. But riding a well-trained hunter is one thing, and trying to keep your seat on a brute of a jibber is another. No—if you have changed your mind and intend to go to the meet to-morrow, you shall have Miss Muffet. She is perfect, and Mabel has ridden her several times."

"Thanks; but I promised Mr. Cardwell I would ride Red King, and I must keep my word."

"Then I shall tell him I won't have you riding his hacks!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Pierpoint—I allow no interference in my affairs; besides, Mr. Cardwell might very naturally question your right to control my actions;" and, without waiting for a reply, Grisel moves away.

Feeling himself snubbed, Mr. Pierpoint offers no further remonstrance, but devotes himself for the rest of the evening to Blanche, who sees herself in her dreams that night going down to Helmsley as the betrothed of the wealthy owner of Garth Court.

Grisel vows and declares to herself that nothing shall induce her to go to Helmsley. She feels weary of gaiety, and longs for the time when she shall be back at Braeside, wandering with her dogs over the desolate wintry moorlands, trying to feel herself the Grisel of old, happy and heart-whole.

Heart-whole? She can never be that again, she confesses to herself with angry self-abasement, as day by day the truth forces itself upon her that life without Alan Pierpoint will be one dreary solitude. She has tried to dislike him, to be indifferent to him, but in vain. A word, a look, the very pressure of his hand thrill her whole being, and tell her how futile are her efforts. The only consolation is that he will never know she loves him. The only consolation is that he will never know she loves him. He will marry Blanche; while she—Grisel—will do her best to live down her misery and regret, by doing all the good she can in the place where it has pleased Providence to cast her lot.

"I thay, Mith Wytcherley, here'th Pierpoint been pitching into me for letting you ride Red King. He thayth he'th not thafe."

This is the Honorable Alfred's greeting, as Grisel makes her appearance at the breakfast-table on this memorable Thursday morning, looking quite bewitching in her well fitting habit of dark-blue cloth. Her face is smiling sweetly as she returns the greetings addressed to her, but at Mr. Cardwell's remark the look of pleasure leaves it.

"There is no 'letting' in the question," she replies coldly. "You are not 'letting' me ride Red King—I do it of my own accord. I alone am responsible if I come to grief."

"But, I thay, I don't like you to run any rithk, don't you know!"—and the pale boyish face looks paler than usual in his anxiety.

"Have I not told you, Mr. Cardwell"—turning upon him sharply—"that nobody 'lets' me do anything? I am entirely my own mistress, and I choose to ride Red King—that is to say, of course, if you will allow me."

"Oh, yeth—you shall have him with the greatetht pleasure, only——"

"That is settled, then;" and Grisel turns away to speak to one of the other guests who passes her on her way to the breakfast-table.

Once or twice during the meal the girl finds Alan Pierpoint's eyes fixed upon her with a half-reproachful look, but he has addressed no word to her beyond a cold "Good morning," and his manner to Blanche is so aggravatingly tender, his tone, when he inquired after a slight cold she has, so solicitous, that Grisel makes up her mind then and there to have nothing more to do with him. So she meets his glance with one as unconcerned as she can call to her aid, and keeps up a violent flirtation with Mr. Cardwell, driving that unfortunate youth into a blissful fool's-paradise for the remainder of the meal.

"So you are going to ride young Cardwell's hunter, I hear, Grisel," Blanche observes, when for one moment the sisters stand side by side in the hall, watching the horses being brought round.

"Yes," responds her sister.

"I wonder you are not afraid. Alan—Mr. Pierpoint"—hastily correcting herself—"says he is not safe."

"What—Mr. Cardwell? Dear me—I should have said he was a very harmless individual!" is the laughing answer.

"Don't be absurd, Grisel; you know I mean the hunter."

"Oh!"

"I am going to ride a horse of Mr. Pierpoint's," continues Blanche—"one which has been trained to carry a lady; but he knows I am rather nervous, so I dare say he will keep near me all day."

"So you are going to follow the hounds, then?"

"Of course, my dear," is the reply. "Aren't you?"

"I don't know; perhaps—it all depends."

"Upon whether you manage to stick on this much maligned steed, I suppose;" and Blanche laughs softly as she goes out of the door to meet Mr. Pierpoint.

"Your horse is coming round, now, Miss Wytcherley," Grisel hears him say; and then he comes into the hall and, after a moment's searching glance around, makes his way straight to her.

"It is quite useless to ask you to change your mind and ride Miss Muffet?" he asks, bending towards her and speaking in a low tone. He looks so handsome and noble, standing there in his becoming garb of "pink," and his tone is so caressingly entreating, that for a moment Grisel hesitates.

Then suddenly comes the remembrance that Blanche had said she was riding his hunter—and she had called him Alan, too. So the pretty figure in the blue riding-habit draws itself up to its full height, and a proud voice says coldly—

"It is quite useless. I never change my mind."

"Not even to please me?" he says coaxingly. "You can't think how wretched I shall feel all day, with you on that dreadful animal. Promise me, at least, that you won't go farther than the meet at Crumlech?"

"I shall do no such thing! Really, Mr. Pierpoint, one would fancy you were my legal guardian!" Grisel observes, with a sarcastic laugh.

"I wish I were," is the reply—"you would not disobey me then."

"Grisel, don't keep Mr. Pierpoint talking there," interrupts Blanche; "I am waiting for his assistance—the whole male contingent outside is engaged in trying to keep your horse from backing into the flower-beds!"

There is a tone of proprietorship in the way in which the elder Miss Wytcherley speaks which reminds her sister, once more, that to the former belongs the man who has just been speaking to her like a lover.

"Blanche wants you," she remarks coldly—"we cannot both ride Miss Muffet, and I knew you had offered her to my sister. Did you say Red King was at the door, Blanche?"

"Very much so, my dear. He is all over the place, it seems to me," laughs her sister.

Without a word Grisel goes outside and walks calmly down the steps to where a beautiful hunter stands impatiently writhing under the hands of the groom who is trying to hold him.

Mr. Cardwell comes eagerly towards her.

"Shall I assist you, Mith Wytcherley?" he asks. "Red King ith quieter now."

"Yes, if you can manage it. He looks rather frisky—doesn't he?"—eyeing with strong disfavor the steed before her.

"Oh, no—he'th all right! I thay, we'll wait till he'th quiet for a moment and then I'll help you up—you jutht give the word when."

"Yes, but be quick," she exclaims, seeing that Mr. Pierpoint is coming towards them—"now!"

There is a spring, and Red King starts violently and lays back his ears, but Miss Wytcherley has alighted safely in the saddle, and once getting the reins into her hands feels comparatively safe. One or two smart cuts with the whip convince Red King that he is not going to have it all his own way, and, to the astonishment of the entire assembly, he considers it wiser to subside into meekness.

In another five minutes the cavalcade has set off, and Grisel finds herself thoroughly enjoying the sharp gallop through the fresh morning-air. Mr. Cardwell keeps by her side.

The meet is a splendid sight. All the elite of the county is assembled and the brilliant sunshine which suddenly lights up the scene gleams upon scarlet coat and the gay toilettes with which the numerous vehicles are filled, while the sound of gay laughter mingles with that of the huntsman's horn and the voice of the whipper-in.

The party from Garth Court has scarcely reached the field when suddenly the cry is heard "They're off!" and the next instant hounds and huntsmen are careering away over the hills, and the day's sport has begun.

One solitary rider remains upon the field. It is Grisel Wytcherley. She has watched Alan Pierpoint start off the very first, closely followed by his sister and Blanche, while Mr. Cardwell brings up the rear. They will not find out she has not gone, and so she will give up that much for her host and ride back quietly to Garth. He may never know that she has obeyed his wishes, but it will at any rate be some small satisfaction to herself.

"I hope he will propose to Blanche to-night," Grisel thinks, with a shiver, "then I shall not think about him any more."

CHAPTER VII.

It is late in the afternoon before the hunting-party return. Grisel sees them from her bedroom window come straggling by twos and threes up the long winding drive, their horses wearied out themselves splashed and generally dishevelled. Mr. Cardwell has evidently come a cropper, for his coat and once spotless breeches are caked with mud, and he himself looks limp and crestfallen.

He rides by Blanche's side, whose pretty face is decidedly cross—perhaps because Alan Pierpoint is nowhere visible. Grisel stands and watches for him, anxious for the relief of knowing that he has returned safely, ere she goes down-stairs to the drawing-room. But he does not come. Every one else has arrived, and the gong is sounding the summons to tea.

Grisel gives a last look in the glass, laughs at herself for her pale cheeks, and

wishes that she had not donned quite such a festive-looking tea-gown; then, with a glance down the drive—which looks bare and deserted with its border of leafless trees, and not a human being within sight—sighs heavily and betakes herself down-stairs.

"A splendid run! Killed just below Reddingford bridge! Oh, yes, plenty of mishaps, of course, but nothing serious—oh, dear, no!"

These are some of the remarks which greet her ears as she enters the drawing-room. Mr. Cardwell comes towards her at once.

"Tho you got back all right, after all?" he said triumphantly. "Told you Red King wath thafe enough. Pity you didn't come on, don't you know; we've had a glorioush day!"

"Hasn't Mr. Pierpoint returned with you?"

For the life of her Grisel cannot help asking the question uppermost in her mind.

Mr. Cardwell looks round him vacantly, and fumbles for his eyeglass.

"I—'pon my word, I don't think he did!" he returns vaguely. "I remember your thither thaid it wath thrange of him to go off ath he did. It theemed to me he wanted to break hith neck—he wath riding like the very deu—I beg pardon, I mean like—like old booth, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know," Grisel answers vacantly—"but you don't think he has met with—with any—any accident?"—bringing out the words with difficulty.

"Acthident? Oh, no—I hope not! Pierpoint'th a good rider—very good."

"Well, Grisel, you have led us a nice dance to-day, I must say."

The voice, Blanche's, yet quite unlike her usual soft languid tones, makes Grisel start and turn quickly round.

"What do you mean?" she asks.

"Why, we didn't know, of course, that you had turned back, and so Mr. Pierpoint took it into his head that something must have happed, and insisted on going back to find you. It quite spoiled his day—and I may also add that it spoiled mine as well. If anything happens to Alan it will all be due to you."

"Happen to Alan," Grisel repeats dreamily—"happen to Alan?"

"Yes—don't look at me like that! I shall call him Alan if I like—I have a perfect right," Blanche answers crossly.

"Yes, of course; but I thought you said something had happened."

"I said if anything happens to him—and I am sure he was riding recklessly enough for anything."

Grisel betakes herself to a distant solitary corner, where she can think unheeded and alone.

The voices and laughter go on around her, but she heeds them not. By-and-by they cease, and the guests disperse to their own rooms to rest before the fatigues of the evening. There is to be no dressing for dinner, which is to be an hour earlier than usual, Lady Deane justly remarking that they will have quite enough of making their toilettes before the evening is over.

Grisel is glad of it. She could not array herself in festive attire with this undefined fear and dread gnawing at her heart-strings—these horrible pictures passing before her mind's eye of Alan lying dead or dying in some isolated spot, with no one near to help him. But, hark! What is that?

It is a footstep in the hall outside—Alan Pierpoint's. Grisel would know it from a thousand, and he is actually whistling!

Without a moment's thought of what she is doing, and with a glad cry of relief, Grisel hurries out to meet him.

"Oh, you have returned!" she cries, rushing up to the astonished young man, and clasping her hands with a convulsive clutch upon his arm. "They told me something had—had happened to you."

She says no more. The lady's excitement and the highly-strung state in which her nerves have been for the past hour prove too much for her strength of will. She gives a little gasping cry, her hands suddenly relax their hold, and, ere Alan Pierpoint has recovered sufficiently from amazement to catch her, she sinks down, white and insensible, at his feet. Tenderly lifting her he carries her, as though she had been a baby, straight into the library, deposits her carefully on the sofa, and then rings the bell long and violently.

"Ask Lady Deane to come here at once, and send Miss Wytcherley's maid," he says to the astonished servant who answers the summons; and then, as the man departs, he kneels down beside the inanimate form and gently chafes the pretty hands which lie helplessly down within his reach.

So Lady Deane finds him when, a moment later, she enters the library; and when she has listened to his hurried explanation she actually smiles.

"It is all right—she will soon come round. You go away, and don't dare to appear again till dinner-time," she says, and pushes him out of the room just as Mrs. Wytcherley and Blanche make their appearance, looking scared and anxious, followed by Matilda.

Their united exertions soon have the desired effect. Grisel's eyes open and a faint color comes into her cheeks. She sits up and looks round her wildly; but Lady Deane leans forward and whispers in her ear—

"Alan is safe; I have sent him away. Nobody knows how or why you fainted;" then aloud she adds, "You are better now, dear. That ride was too much for her"—addressing Mrs. Wytcherley—"she fainted as she was crossing the hall. Luckily Alan came in at the time, and brought her in here."

Grisel gives the kind speaker a grateful look and rises from the sofa, pushing the hair off her forehead with a dazed gesture.

"Yes, I am all right now," she murmurs. "I will go to my room, I think."

"Mr. Pierpoint got back, then?" Blanche remarks to Lady Deane. "I am so glad—I feared he was lost."

"No, I believe his horse cast a shoe. I was too much taken up with Grisel to hear what he said."

"Ah, I must ask him about it! I began to feel quite uneasy about him."

Grisel goes up-stairs and finds Blanche in her room.

"Look at these flowers, Grisel," the latter says, holding out a bouquet of rare deep-gold chrysanthemums. "There must be some mistake. Matilda says they are for you—that Mr. Pierpoint gave them to her and said they were for Miss Wytcherley; so I consider I am entitled to them, as I am Miss Wytcherley."

"Yes, of course they are yours—take them," is the weary answer. "I don't want them."

"There is another bouquet for you, from Mr. Cardwell," Blanche goes on, pointing to one of sweet scented violets lying on the table. "It will suit your gown better than this."

"Yes," responds Grisel wearily, "I dare say."

"I shall carry it just as it is," Blanche remarks blandly, as she walks off with it in triumph.

When Matilda comes in again, a few minutes later, she hands Grisel a note.

"I've just seen Mr. Pierpoint, ma'am. He stopped me to ask how you were, and if you had his flowers, and I made so bold as to say Miss Blanche had took them."

Grisel opens the note, which runs as follows—

"The flowers are yours—a peace offering. If I see you with them to-night I shall know that all is well. Keep the second waltz for me. "A. P."

"Too late!" murmurs the girl, as she watches the flames curl round the twisted paper till it is consumed. "Too late! I cannot ask Blanche for them now!"

* * * * * *

Half an-hour's calm reflection over her bedroom fire convinces Grisel that she has placed herself in a most awkward and embarrassing position, and that the impulsive act of one rash moment has lowered her for ever in the estimation of the man she loves.

And now she must go down and face them all—the dinner-gong is sounding—for, unless she does so, others may hear of her fainting, and comment thereupon to her discredit.

With an awkward fervent hope that she may meet Alan in her progress she leaves her room, and, passing along the corridor till she reaches the gallery running round the hall, cautiously peeps over. The hall is empty, and Miss Wytcherley makes her way softly down-stairs.

Suddenly she starts, and nearly turns back, for seated on a corner of a table in the centre, with his back turned towards her, is Mr. Pierpoint himself, intently perusing the columns of the Times by the light of the hanging-lamp above his head.

Can she manage to get past him without his hearing her? Grisel wonders. She wishes the silk lining of her train did not make such a noise. Well, she can pick it up and creep along on tip-toe. Once in the drawing-room she will be safe.

But alas for her hopes! Ben-ma-Chree, who worships her with all the love of his doggish heart which he can spare from his master, hears her light step, and, with a low whine of delight, rises from the hearth and rushes towards her, causing Mr. Pierpoint to look hastily up from his perusal of the newspaper and see her. In a moment he has thrown down the paper and is at her side.

"I have been waiting for you," he remarks quietly, his eyes taking in every detail of her pretty tea gown, the flushed face of its wearer, and her startled eyes. "Are you better?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; it was nothing—my—my fainting, I mean. I don't know what possessed me, for I never did such a thing in my life before, and I hope I never shall again. It was an awful sensation. I hurt my wrist, too, in falling."

Grisel speaks hurriedly, saying the first thing which comes uppermost to gain time and courage to meet the keen blue eyes.

"Let me see the wrist. Do you know, Grisel"—taking her hand in his and carefully examining it to discover the mischief—"that I have found out one or two things about you, to-day?"

"About me?" she asks wonderingly.

"Yes, about you. Did you suppose Grigg would keep it a secret that you had opened the public walk again to the villagers, or Mrs. Hilson that you were saving her that long walk twice a week by finding her customers in the parish?"

"But you help in that"—with a smile—"you buy her eggs as well as I."

"Do I? Well, I'm glad we have something in common. Then another thing I heard was that my presumptuous gamekeeper had received a kind little note, saying that all my employes had permission to pass by the path in future. Allow me to thank you, Miss Wytcherley. How shall I show my gratitude? May I kiss your hand?"—suddenly raising it to his lips.

"No"—drawing it sharply away—"don't tease, Mr. Pierpoint. You promised me that you would not mention that public walk again."

"So I did. Well, I haven't finished the list of my discoveries yet. I also found out you had repented of your unkind refusal to grant me a favor this morning, and that you rode quietly home from the meet like a good child. But do you know that you gave me a terrible fright? I shall require no end of petting to make up for it."

"And you gave me one," she begins.

"Very well, you shall be petted, too, then, to any amount. Shall I begin now?"—coming a little near to her.

"What a pretty tableau! Are you rehearsing for to-night?"

"Yes," Mr. Pierpoint replies promptly, as Blanche approaches them. "Your sister is nervous about her part"—with a mischevious glance which Grisel does not see, but which Blanche does and makes a note of.

"Are you better, Grisel?" Blanche asks coldly. "No wonder you fainted after hearing the terrible news about poor Sir Desmond Charteris. I wondered what could have happened to upset you so. He has been thrown from his horse in the hunting-field," she goes on, addressing Mr. Pierpoint. "Mamma had a letter from Lady Charteris by the second post to-day; he has broken his arm and received internal injuries besides; but the doctors have hopes of him, they say. I suppose this will prevent our going to Helmsley—unless Grisel——"

"Why me—what do I want to go to Helmsley for? You are crazy, Blanche, I think, to say such things! You know I never heard of the accident till this moment!"—and, giving her sister a withering glance. Grisel sweeps away, her whole soul in revolt, her brief sweet dream of a few minutes ago rudely dispelled.

"Yes, Miss Wytcherley, why should Grisel go? Is there anything between her and Charteris? Tell me, for pity's sake! I must and will know!" Alan Pierpoint says vehemently.

For one brief moment Blanche hesitates. This man, whose wealth she loves, whom she has made up her mind to marry, is slipping away from her; nay, more, he actually loves her sister! It must not be. He shall never marry Grisel. Nobody but herself shall ever be mistress of Garth!

"I thought all the world knew that Sir Desmond proposed to Grisel this last season," she replies calmly; "her engagement is no secret."

"Her engagement? Do you mean to tell me she is going to marry him?"

But Blanche only says coldly, "Excuse me—I shall be late," and passes on.

The play and tableaux are a great success, notably Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, the expression of Grisel's face being pronounced perfect, as well as her quaint old-fashioned dress. Even Mr. Cardwell comes in for his share of praise as he leans towards her, apparently whispering the mocking words into her ear.

The girl herself is too miserable to care whether she is a success or not. She has sat and watched Mr. Pierpoint and Blanche acting as lovers in the little comedy-drama till she fully persuaded herself of the utter hopelessness of her own chance of possessing the noble heart which has hers in its keeping.

She is now sitting, faint and weary, with Lady Deane in a cool recess, scarcely answering or even hearing the latter's solicitous inquiries as to whether she still feels the effects of her former indisposition.

Mr. Pierpoint is talking to her mother. What is Mrs. Wytcherley saying to him, Grisel wonders, which brings the sudden look of relief to his face, and causes him to sit down beside her and listen eagerly to what she is saying to him? Presently the girl sees him rise, and look eagerly round in search of somebody or something—Blanche, no doubt. Then he disappears among the crowd, and she can watch him no more.

"Grisel, I am sure you are faint again. Here is Alan," she hears her ladyship say at last; "I shall give you into his charge. Alan"—calling to him as he passes by them—"come here! I want you to take Grisel into the music-room and give her a glass of wine."

"With pleasure. I have been looking for her everywhere," is the almost eager answer.

"No, indeed. I would rather not. I don't want anything. I——" Grisel says no more, but the two pairs of eyes watching her see that she grows paler, and the brother and sister exchange glances.

"Come with me, Grisel—I want you," says Mr. Pierpoint.

She rises like one in a dream, and somehow she fancies as they go along that it is that loggy evening again, and she and the gamekeeper are walking home arm-in arm. How funny—he has actually put his arm round her waist!

But gradually her senses clear again. They are in the music-room, and she finds herself put into a big armchair by the window. Then she hears a door shut, the light footstep she knows so well comes back to her side and a glass of wine is held to her lips.

"Now drink this like a good child; and don't faint again, or I shall scold you."

The voice is tender, laughing, yet withal authoritative.

"I am not going to faint"—but she takes the wine nevertheless, because he bids her.

"Good child. Now listen to me, and answer me a question. I have just heard from your mother—and I shall always love her for having told me—that you have twice refused Sir Desmond Charteris. Is that so?"

"Yes," is the low faint answer.

"Don't you care for him?"

"No—not a bit."

"Don't you care for any one?"—speaking coaxingly and laying his hand on hers as he bends towards her.

There is no rejoinder.

"Grisel, you told me this evening, by the look of joy in your eyes at my return, by the clasp of your hands upon my arm, that you cared for me—my darling, you must tell me so again. My heart has long been yours, my dearest," he goes on; "but I never thought I had yours in return, and so I meant to wait awhile before I asked you to be my wife. But, Grisel, I've been awfully miserable to-day, and, as I told you, I shall want no end of petting to make up for it."

"You were very unkind to me," is the murmured answer. "If you were miserable, what must I have been?"

"Well, didn't I promise you no end of petting, too?" he asks, laughing. "I'll begin my part at once. You are a good child again, and good children always have to be——"

He slips his arm about her waist and, drawing her gently to him, kisses her on the lips.

"Now it is your turn," still keeping his arm about her waist. "I am good, too, so you must kiss me, or I shall think I am not forgiven."

Grisel looks at him, hesitating for a moment, the bright blushes coming and going in her cheeks. Then, without a word, she lays her soft arms round his neck and does his bidding.

* * * * * *

Very shortly after the marriage of Grisel and Mr. Pierpoint the following appears in the Times—

"On the 17th June, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, assisted by the Rev. Roland Hall, Vicar of Cwmcoed, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and the Rev. Arthur Morti-

mer, Rector of St. Azaph, Gordon Hayes, Esq., J. P., of Plas Gwynn, Monmouthshire, and Park Lane, W., to Blanche Amabel, elder daughter of the late John Wytcherley, Esq., of Dungeddan Hall, Northshire."

[THE END.]

IDENTIFYING CRIMINALS.

MUCH has been said recently about "Anthropometry;" but few people understand exactly either the system or its object. Let us explain the latter first. When the police lay their hands on a criminal or a suspect, it is obviously important to know his previous record, and whether or not he has been convicted before.

Previous offenders make this as difficult as possible by giving false names and denying everything. Sometimes, no doubt, they are recognized; but this can only happen in comparatively few cases, and is never a really trustworthy means of identification, for personal appearances change and the memory is treacherous. Many people have been hanged and imprisoned through mistakes in recognition.

Photographs, again, are open to the same objection, and they accumulate in such enormous numbers that it is impossible to look through them. At the Prefecture de Police in Paris, one hundred thousand have been collected in ten years.

Now, supposing a man is arrested for theft and gives a false name; he may be an old offender, and his photograph together with particulars of former offences may lie there under another name in the pigeon-holes among all the rest. To look through them would take a staff of men eight days, and then it might be missed. But by M. Bertillon's system of measurement you can lay your hand on that particular photograph with absolute certainty in five minutes.

Or, supposing that the man has not been up before, and that there is no photograph or record of him in the archives, you can establish this fact with equal certainty in the same short time. How it is done may be best explained by describing a recent visit to the Prefecture de Police.

The Measuring Room.—Escorted by an eminent French detective, we were shown up into the room where the measurements of prisoners are taken and the fiches are kept. The fiche is a card about eight inches by six inches, and on which are the prisoner's name, his measurements, any distinguishing marks about him, the particulars of his offences, etc.; and also his photograph in two positions—full and side face. The chief object of the side-face is to get the shape of the ear, which of all features is the one most truthfully given by photography.

These cards are disposed in small drawers, which stand on shelves, like those of a library, and are arranged in sections according to the measurements. Thus, one main section contains the cards of all individuals with a certain length of head. It is subdivided according to the breadth of head; the subdivisions are further subdivided according to the length of the middle finger; and so on. The measurements are written outside each drawer, so that they can be read at a glance. This will be further explained later on.

The Theory of the System.—Presently M. Bertillon, who had been informed of our visit, and kindly offered to expound his system in person, entered the room. He is still a young man, and the very type of an accomplished savant, speaking both English and German. The identification of criminals is carried out here under his direction by an able staff of assistants.

The theory of the system is as follows: Certain bones can be measured in the living subject easily and with extreme accuracy. The dimensions vary in different persons within very considerable limits, and they do so in no definite ratio to each other.

Consequently, if you take a sufficient number of them, you get an aggregate result which is true only of that particular individual measured and of no one else. During the eight years in which anthropometry has been used in Paris, it has been found that no two individuals have the same measurements throughout. The results obtained from a new subject in no case agree with any one of those previously taken, be they never so numerous.

In fact, no two people are alike. Further, in the adult these dimensions are stable, changing little or not at all in the course of years. They therefore form a means of absolute identification at any time.

The most important are the length of the head, its breadth, the length of the middle finger, that of the forearm, of the foot, and of the little finger. But to be of practical use the results must be classified. This is done by dividing each set into three groups—Small, Medium, Large.

For instance, three sizes of the head lengthways are made thus: (1) Those less than 184 millimetres (= 7¼ inches). (2) Those between 184 millimetres and 189 millimetres (= 7¼ to 7½ inches). (3) Those of 190 millimetres (= 7½ inches) and above.

Suppose, now, you have a man measured, and want to see if he has been up before: you are to find his card among, say, ninety thousand. Take the length of his head: a glance shows that it is 187 millimetres, and consequently comes under group 2.

You at once put aside groups 1 and 3, or sixty thousand out of the ninety thousand. Then take the breadth of the head in the same way; this will reduce the remaining thirty thousand to ten thousand.

And so on until you come down to a mere handful, when an examination of the minuter differences leads you with unerring certainty to the very one you are looking for. By the arrangement of the drawers in groups, already mentioned, the whole search is reduced to a matter of two minutes.

A Striking Illustration.—Having explained the system, M. Bertillon proceeded to illustrate it. A young man, who had been arrested that morning for theft, was called up and measured then and there.

The process is carried out by two men, one of whom applies the instruments and calls out the figures, which are entered on a card by the other, precisely as in a tailor's shop.

The subject is barefooted and bareheaded. Ten measurements are taken in four minutes; they include those already mentioned, together with the height standing, the height sitting, the length of the arms extended, the length and breadth of the ear. This finished, M. Bertillon, card in hand, interrogated the prisoner:

"What is your name?"

"Albert Felix."

"Have you ever been up before?"

"No, never."

"Quite sure?",

"Perfectly sure," with jaunty confidence.

As the young scoundrel was the leader of a band, this seemed highly improbable.

He was removed, and we proceeded to the search. Section after section of the drawers was rapidly eliminated by comparing the figures on them with those upon M. Felix's card.

At last we came to a single drawer, and then down to two cards. If he was there at all, it must be one of these. A look at the first at once showed discrepancies of one or more millimetres under some of the headings, and as the bony measurements are accurate to a millimetre, it could not be this one.

There remained one card. M. Bertillon took it up, hiding the photograph on it. All the figures corresponded exactly with those just taken of Felix. He was recalled, and again questioned. He repeated his former statements, but obviously with less confidence. M. Bertillon uncovered the photograph, and there the fellow was to the life, as he stood that moment before us. It was most startling.

But the original of the photograph was called Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he had been in jail two years before. The card bore details of certain scars and marks on hand and body; they corresponded exactly with those on Felix. Our friend the detective edged up and watched the prisoner with professional delight. Again questioned, Felix stuck to his story; but his composure was gone; his eye was troubled, his lips trembled, and the muscles of his face twitched. The photograph was shown him.

"Who is that?"

"Not me, some one like me"—but very shakily.

"This is Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he was arrested, etc."

The fellow was down in an instant, as limp as wet paper. "Oui, c'est mon nom;" adding, "I knew you would find it."

The astonishing thing was that out of that great roomful of cards, not a single one corresponded, or anything like corresponded, with the measurements of the youth before us, except that particular one—his own. Mistake is impossible.

The system has been used in France for eight years, and found to be of infinite service. Russia and some other countries have adopted it; but its full value will not be apparent until it is employed everywhere, and especially in England and America—the two great refuges of criminals—for of course measurements can be transmitted by telegraph, and thus identification of suspects established without trouble or delay—a thing impossible now.

SOLD AND PAID FOR.

A young actress, with all the characteristics of her nation—wit, beauty and talent in her art, entered her apartment in the Rue——, and carelessly threw her shawl on the ottoman. She seemed to droop in grief, and why? She had no rival to dread in her theatre; not a hair of her silken tresses had changed its hue; not a vow or a protestation less had crowned her last success. Why, then, was she sad?

"Alas," she said, addressing her only true friend, her confidential femme de chambre, "I am the most miserable of earthly beings. My whole heart is absorbed in one subject; my existence is a bane to me without it."

"And who is that happy object?' inquired Josephine.

"Oh, Josephine," she replied, "I have fondly fixed, too fondly fixed my affections;" and then, she mused to herself, "where can I find two thousand francs?"

It was of an enameled dressing-case she spoke. She had seen it as she came home; had asked the price; but alas! it was two thousand francs! and she sighed heavily.

The door-bell rang—the maid went and returned—"It is the English lord with the unutterable name, madame."

"Let him come in," she sullenly replied.

His lordship entered; he came to offer the homage of his adieu. The entree to the society of such beauty and such talent he would preserve for his future visits to Paris; and he ransacked his brain to find some souvenir to present in token of his admiration.

"I can only be sure of pleasing," said he, "if I know what will find favor in your eyes."

The prevailing passion of the enameled dressing-case still being her only thought, she exclaimed, "Yes, yes; there is in the Rue de la Paix what would make me the happiest creature in the world. It is an enameled dressing-case. Morning and evening, did I possess it, you would ever be in thought before me."

"Before an hour," said he, "you shall be the happy being you deserve to be."

One, two, three hours passed on, and no dressing-case appeared. The impatient beauty could bear it no longer; she threw her shawl hastily over her neck, called a coach, and drove to the Rue de la Paix. The dressing-case was still on the counter.

"What!" said she, "and have you not had an offer for it?"

"Yes, madame, an Englishman did admire it much; he offered fifteen hundred francs, which we refused, and left the shop, saying that, if we repented, we might send it to the Hotel Meurice."

"And why did you not send it?" she demanded.

"Because we would not take a farthing less than two thousand francs."

"Hark ye," said the eager beauty, "I will avow a secret. It was for me he offered to purchase it. I will make up the difference; five hundred francs is an easy sacrifice; send it to him forthwith. Here are the five hundred francs," she added, and she parted with her last billet.

The packet was carefully arranged, and quickly, too, on its destined way. Our heroine returned home, thinking of the awakening on the morrow, which would see the object of her fancy before her; she fell asleep—she awoke—it was already day—she rang the bell.

"Well," she exclaimed to her attendant—"well!"

"It has not yet arrived, madame," was the reply.

She breakfasted—an angel could not be more patient; the clock struck ten, eleven, twelve—she could bear it no longer; a coach was called—Hotel Meurice was its destination. She asked a waiter, "Did a person bring a dressing-case here last evening?"

"Oh, yes, madame," he replied, "and a beautiful one it was. It was for Lord——. You should have seen his delight when he received it. He said aloud to himself, 'I did not know it was such a prize. It is not dear—fifteen hundred francs!—why, it is nothing for it.' And then he added, smiling, 'By my troth, Mademoiselle——' (I could not hear her name) 'must do without it—John, pack it up.'"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the actress; "and where is he?"

"Oh the road to Boulogne, madame," replied the smiling waiter, "where he is by this time nearly arrived, having left at ten o'clock last evening, with four horses and a courier."

Bric-a-Brac.

TRACED BY FOLIAGE.—In tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of the sensitive variety that sometimes the path of a traveler may be traced by the wilted foliage.

THE OYSTER.—The oyster grows from the inside by throwing out every year rings or circles of a calcareous substance, and experts can tell where the growth begins and ends for the year.

INDELIBLE INK.—Banana-juice is said to make a first-class indelible ink. A spot on a white shirt from a dead-ripe banana is marked for ever; and the juice from bananas thoroughly decayed is a bright clear carmine.

IN JAPAN.—If "cleanliness is next to godliness," the Japanese ought to rank very high in the moral scale, for there is no people so generally given to bathing. The number of bath-houses in Tokio is twelve hundred, and the average daily attendance at each is seven hundred.

WHY FISH IS PLENTIFUL.—No wonder the fish crop is never "short." The flounder lays 7,000,000 eggs annually; several others from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000; while the turbot is credited with depositing from 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 during each breeding season.

ASKING ADVICE.—A paper which was published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."

THE CATSEYE.—The catseye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye or eyestone of India, an agate cut so as to show the eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in parts of India four centuries ago, and specimens found to day have an interest to numismatists.

COPPER.—In India copper is almost entirely used for religious purposes, except where the worshipper is so rich that he can afford silver. All the requisites for Hindu worship—the shrines of the gods, the platter with its floral patterns, the pedestal on which the idol is placed during the sacred bath, the vessels for holy water—all these in a Hindu temple are of copper.

THE BAT.—There is a very strong dislike to the bat among the peasants of South Germany. A feeling of disgust and fear takes possession of the farmer who finds bats in his chimney, not only because he believes the creatures will feed upon his pork that hangs in the smoke, but because bats are regarded as unlucky and bring poverty and misfortune.

THE POPE'S RING.—The seal ring worn by the Pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every Pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document.

A ROYAL AMERICAN.—A curious mistake was made some time back by an official at Carlsbad. An American gentleman who had been traveling in Bohemia arrived at the Spa and entered his name as "James I. King, of Buffalo." This was conveyed to the local press as "James the First, King of Buffalo"; and Mr King was besieged as "his Majesty" by such a shoal of tradesmen, beggars, and tuft-hunters that he was obliged to leave Carlsbad sooner than he intended.

SHE FIXED IT.—At a late ball in Paris a very stout gentleman, proprietor of a bad catarrh and a very charming wife, insisted, very inconveniently at the close of a polka that madame should return to the bosom of her family. "Never mind," she said to her partner; "ask me to dance in the next quadrille all the same—I will find a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

EFFECT OF THE SEA UPON ANIMALS.—All animals when taken for a sea-voyage become tamer, and even the wildest seem to be overcome by a certain feeling of dependence and helplessness. Monkeys generally suffer greatly from mal de mer. Birds are affected by the sea, for they never sing during a voyage. Fowls and geese soon become thin, and cocks generally cease to crow; ducks however retain their usual spirits and appetite. Cats and dogs usually become very uneasy on the sea; the former turn shy and hide themselves, and the latter keep as close as possible to their human protectors. Oxen, buffaloes and horses make friends with strange attendants more quickly during a sea voyage than on shore. Pigs, ducks and snakes are the only creatures that are apparently totally uninfluenced by the sea.

THE GROWING OF A SOUL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Hear ye this parable: A man
  Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
  To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rains of Heaven, the persuading sun
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees wilful grew, and some
  Strong vines grew daily in the sun,
With gaudy leaves that ever come
  To naught. And yet each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly and glow
Like sunset clouds in all their moving show.

But lo! the harvest found them not,
  The soul had perished from them. Mold
And muck and leaf lay there to rot,
  And furnished nourishment untold
To patient tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the Husbandman's design.

Hear, then, this lesson, hear and heed
  I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed,
  To grow into the Judgment Day,
It grows and grows if he will have it grow;
It perishes if he must have it so.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI—(CONTINUED.)

VANE sank on to the rock, and covered his face with his hands. Rage, disappointed love, tore at him in different directions, and left him well-nigh distracted. He rose, and appealed to her with outstretched hands.

"Listen to me, Nora. I implore you, I demand! I thought you had left me; that you did not, could not, love me. I was ill—wretched, half stupefied, and——"

"And you went to Lady Florence to comfort you!" she said, with white lips. "Listen now to me!" Hoarse and husky with emotion as her voice was, there was a note of womanly dignity and suffering in it that awed him into silence. "We are parted for ever!"

"No!" he breathed with an oath.

"For ever! I can see it all. I can see how you have been drawn, driven to her. I do not blame you. Hush! let me speak. It is for the last time! It is not you I blame, but Senley Tyers. He is a traitor! He has done it, but it is done! I would not take you from her if I could. You must go to her—marry her; you must forget me"—her voice broke—"as I shall forget you. It is too late now to alter things, even if I wished them altered. But I do not. She is better fitted to be your wife—"

He broke in passionately.

"I have heard you, I will hear no more. I will go to her; yes! but not to marry her. I will tell her the whole story—the truth, and she will release me. It is not her fault, but his—his; I will deal with him; I will——" He choked, and put his hand to his throat. "Wait! I will go to her, and tell her that I loved you; how you were lost—the whole truth, and that I have found you again. You hear, Nora! Give you up now that I know you love me!" He laughed in wild mockery. "But there is no need. Florence is too proud to marry a man who is in love with another woman. I will tell her all."

Nora looked at him, a strange look.

"Will you abide by her decision?" she asked.

He leapt at the suggestion, at the concession.

"Yes!" he cried. "You will see; she will understand, release, and forgive me. As for him——"

His face worked and his hands clenched.

Nora stood a moment with downcast head, then she said—

"Will you go now?"

"Yes!" he said at once; "I will not lose a moment. Nora, I will come to you—Ah!" broke from him, as a doubt, a fear smote upon him suddenly. "You will not run away from me again? You will not do that, Nora?"

"No," she said gravely. "Why should I? I have your word. Our fate hangs upon Lady Florence's decision. You have promised to abide by it; and—and so, also, will I. Go now; oh, go!"

He took her hand. He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back stiffly, shaking her head, and he had to be content with kissing her hand again and again. He sprang up the path, and at the top turned and waved his hand to her.

"Remember! Your promise!"

She raised her head and looked at him with a repetition of the strange expression in her eyes, then turned away and looked out to sea.

He leapt on his horse and rode away at the risk of his neck. His soul was in a tumult. The thought of the risk he was running, of Nora restored to him only to be snatched away again, filled him with sorrow and apprehension one moment; the realization of Senley Tyers' vile treachery drove him half mad the next.

As he reached the high road he saw a drover, and inquired of him the way to the Grange, and made for it at racing speed.

When he pulled up at the entrance to the house the horse was covered with foam-flecked sweat, his clothes were spattered with mud, some of which had fallen on his face, which was white and drawn. He flung the reins to a groom, and went quickly up the steps and into the hall. Several persons were there—the bridesmaids, and visitors asked down for the wedding; and they stared, with good reason, at his appearance. A pretty kind of bridegroom he looked.

"Florence—Lady Florence!" he said, and his voice sounded as hoarse as a raven's.

They gathered round him with astonishment and alarm.

"Has anything happened?" asked someone.

Before he could answer, Lady Florence looked over the stairs and called to him—

"Vane!"

He fought hard for composure and forced a smile.

"Nothing has happened," he said. "I—I have been kept. An accident—I mean—"

He strode up the stairs with the gait and the air of a man repressing a terrible excitement.

She looked at him and uttered a faint cry.

"Vane! Something is the matter!" and her face went white.

"No, no!" he said. "I want to speak to you. Don't be frightened, Florence. Yes, something has happened. I must tell you without loss of a moment——"

She led him by the hand she still held into a small room, a kind of boudoir, and stood before him trembling. Had he discovered the hand Senley Tyers had had in promoting the marriage, had he discovered the shameful wager she had made. If so—if so all was over! She knew Vane too well to hope that he would forgive such an unwomanly, immodest part.

"What—what is it?" she demanded. "Tell me, tell me quickly," and her hand went to her heart.

"Yes," he said, "I can't do otherwise. I have come to you at once—at once! It is right you should know the truth. Florence, pity me if you can, try not to hate me. The marriage must not take place!"

She sank into a chair and her lips moved.

"Not—take—place! Our marriage?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes on the ground, for he could not endure the look of fear and pain in hers. "Florence, before—before I asked you to be my wife I had met and loved——"

She gasped and half rose, but sank down again clutched the chair.

"She was to have been my wife, but a villain came between us, and with lying treachery separated us."

"His name!" she panted.

"Senley Tyers," he ground out between his teeth. "Do you know——"

Her lips trembled with fear.

"I know nothing, nothing!" she asseverated.

"Florence, to-day, scarcely an hour ago, I met her——"

"The—the woman you love?"

He met her wild gaze steadily.

"Yes! the woman I still love. All was cleared up between us. He—this villain—had wronged and deceived us both. I should wrong you, even worse than he wronged us, if I conceal the truth from you and let you marry me. I cannot do it! Florence, forgive all the pain I am giving you, forgive me and—and let us part."

She clutched the chair still more tightly.

"Part? Part?" she murmured; then she looked at him with a sudden flame in her eyes. "Who is she—this woman?"

"No one you know," he said. "Do not ask me."

Her face flushed and her lip curled with scorn.

"Some woman you are ashamed of."

He started and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"It is true," she said between her teeth, "I can see it in your face. And you would jilt, desert me for her. Do it at your peril!"

"Do it at your per——" Then her mood changed, and she flung herself upon him and strained him to her. "Vane, Vane, I cannot give you up, I cannot let you go, I cannot."

He strove to unclasp her hands gently.

"Florence, Florence, for gracious sake! This is madness. I have told you—I could not help but tell you! I have only just seen her to-day——"

"It was she for whom you were grieving, it was the loss of her that made you ill!" she panted with quick intuition and with a shudder.

He hung his head.

"Don't ask me any more questions. For gracious sake let me go, let us part now."

"Never!" she cried hoarsely. "You are mine, mine! You belong to me, not to her! Who is she that should come between us? I am almost your wife. A few hours—Vane, you will not leave me? You shall not!"

He groaned and tried to soothe her.

"You shall decide, Florence," he said hoarsely. "I have promised that you shall decide. I would not marry you with a lie on my soul, my lips. I have wronged you; I know that. I wish I were dead! I have wronged you; but she—she has been wronged more cruelly than you have, and my first thought—forgive me—must be of her."

She breathed hard.

"Tell me her name!"

He set his teeth hard.

'Nora Trevanion."

She pushed the hair from her forehead and looked at him vacantly.

"I never heard of her. She is a nobody. Some girl beneath you. And you would leave me—me—for her!" She drew herself to her full height, and looked at him in all her imperial beauty. "Vane, you must be mad! It must be the fever again. I will not believe it. You shall tell me no more until after the wedding."

He started.

"Then—then you hold me to my promise?" he whispered huskily.

She laughed a broken, terrible laugh.

"I save you from the consequences of your mad folly in spite of yourself," she said. She drew nearer to him, and bent her head so that her face nearly met his. "Play the cur as you have threatened to do, and I will hold you up to the scorn of the whole civilized world. I will degrade you in the sight of every honest man. What! You dare—you dare to dream of jilting me!" she laughed, "and on the eve of our marriage!"

"Florence, for gracious sake listen to me," he said pleadingly. "I know I seem to deserve your scorn, your hate; but, as there is light in heaven, you would pity me—yes, and her—if you knew all."

"Pity!" she threw out the word with a fierce gesture. "I should not pity her if she lay dead at my feet. I would to Heaven she were there—dead—dead! Who is she to come between us? But she shall not!" She raised her head and looked steadily at him. "Vane, you say the decision rests with me. I will not give you up. I will save you in spite of yourself. I hold you to your promise—the plighted word of a man of honor."

He turned from her for a moment, and when he faced her again his face was set and rigid, as if carved in stone.

"Very good," he said gravely, sternly. "The decision rested with you; you have decided."

He moved away from her, and she sank into the chair, her head falling on her arm which hung over the side.

He went up to her and let his hand fall on her head gently, pityingly, as it seemed.

"Heaven forgive you! Heaven forgive us both, Florence!" he said hoarsely.

She did not look up, and he left her, opened the door, and passed down the corridor.

As he did so the Earl of Warlock, mounting the stairs with his crutched stick, looked up at him.

"What the deuce is the matter, Vane?" he demanded irritably. "Have you fallen from your horse, or what?"

Vane laughed, and looked at him with unnatural calmness.

"Nothing is the matter," he said. There was a hectic spot on both cheeks, and an absent, vacant look in his eyes.

Afternoon tea was going on in the hall below, and the sound of voices and laughter floated up to him.

"Where have you been?" said the earl testily. "You are in a deuce of a state."

Vane looked down at his mud-bespattered cords.

"Yes, I am going home to change."

"Can't you change here?"

"No," said Vane, as if he were speaking from a distance. "I forgot to tell them to send my things on. I shall not be long, but do not wait."

The earl grunted.

"You'd better let them drive you over," he said. "You've ridden the horse you came on to death almost. He's quite done up."

"Thanks," said Vane. He went down the stairs and joined the group, and was introduced to the bridesmaids and the other guests, and laughed and talked with them; but he seemed strangely "jerky" and preoccupied, and they eyed him curiously now and again. But they made the allowance which is due to the unfortunate mortal who is cast for the part of bridegroom, and ascribed his manner to his sense of the nearness of his doom.

"A man going to be married always looks like that," said a young girl, as Vane, having been told that the dog-cart was waiting, nodded to them and strode down the hall. "He feels as if he were going to be hanged, you know."

Vane went out with the echo of their laughter in his ears.

It was an awful ride through the darkness. Florence had decided! He had lost Nora for ever! Her face danced before him all the way, her voice rang in his ears. Yes, Florence had decided!

He reached the inn and told the groom to wait. But when he got to his room he knew that he must not go back that night. He went downstairs and sent the groom back with a message.

"Tell her ladyship that I will be over in good time to-morrow," he said.

On his way back to his room the landlord intercepted him.

"The gentleman hasn't come yet, your honor," he said.

"What gentleman?" asked Vane absently.

"Mr. Harold Tempest, the—the best man, sir."

"Oh, yes. No matter; he will be here presently," said Vane mechanically, and he went upstairs.

He paced up and down the room half stupefied. After a time the landlord knocked and asked if his honor wouldn't have some dinner.

Vane said no; he would have some whisky and water. The landlord brought up a bottle and Vane filled a glass and drank it. He drank two or three such draughts, but they had no effect upon him. Intense mental anguish, like intense physical pain, declines to be deadened by alcohol. He paced the room, or sat with his head upon his arm, through the livelong night. Towards morning he fell asleep. The sound of bells awoke him. He started, and looked round him with a bewildered air. Then his face lit up with joy. Of course! It was his wedding morning! He was going to be married to Nora—to Nora! Then the truth broke in upon the delusion, and he let his head fall again and groaned.

No, not to Nora! He should never wed her! It was to Florence Heathcote!

He dragged himself to his feet and began to wash and dress. Someone knocked at the door, and, with the towel in his hand, he went and opened it.

"What is it?"

"The gentleman has come; he wants to see you," said the voice of the landlord.

"Very well," said Vane; I shall be down directly."

He finished dressing and went downstairs into the parlor coffee-room. A young fellow in an ulster turned from drumming on the window-pane to greet him. At sight of Vane's face—white, haggard, and drawn, as if he had only just recovered from a serious illness—the young fellow uttered an exclamation.

"You—you have heard the news?" he said solemnly.

"News! What news?" said Vane with callous indifference. "You are Harold Tempest, the—" his voice unconsciously grew bitter—"the best man?"

"Yes, yes," said the young fellow nervously; "but I say, you know, are you sure you haven't heard? You look so seedy and cut up."

"Heard what?" said Vane. "You are late, aren't you? We expected you earlier—yesterday." He spoke in cold, mechanical tones.

The young fellow eyed him curiously.

"You haven't heard? Tempest, prepare yourself for—for—bad news."

Vane smiled—a ghastly smile.

"Bad news? Fire away, man," he said with strong indifference. "What is it?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"FIRE away!" Vane said coldly, listlessly. What bad news—what news of a worse calamity could this young fellow bring him than had already befallen him? He had found Nora but to lose her again;

this time, indeed, for ever, and most hopelessly, for was he not going to marry Florence Heathcote?

The young fellow looked at him with increased surprise mingled with his solemnity. No doubt he thought Vane looked a miserable kind of bridegroom enough.

"I—I thought you might have heard," he said slowly. "News travels so jolly fast now a-days—the telegraphs and all, don't you know."

"I've heard nothing; I have only just got out of bed," said Vane impatiently. "How the devil you have managed to get here at this unearthly hour in the morning I can't conceive. Won't your news keep till you've had some breakfast? you look seedy enough." He went towards the bell as he spoke.

Mr. Harold Tempest caught his arm.

"Wait a moment, Vane; don't call the servant in just yet till I've—I've told you. I came up the day mail as far as it would bring me and coached the rest. I've been traveling all night——"

"You look like it."

"Yes, they wanted to telegraph, but I said that it would be awfully rough telegraphing to you, dropping on you suddenly just before your wedding, and I'd tell you when I reached you. I stayed with them as long as I could."

Vane stared at him. Had the young fellow gone mad?

"What on earth are you talking about?" he demanded almost angrily. "I can't make head or tail of it, or understand what it is you mean. Why didn't you come last night? And what was it you were going to telegraph to me—only you didn't?"

The young fellow—none too clever or sharp, like all the Tempests—grew red and confused.

"Am I not telling you—breaking it to you? Westleigh's dead!"

Vane started and looked at him.

"Westleigh—dead!" he breathed.

Harold Tempest nodded gravely. "Yes, I—I was trying to break it to you."

"When—how—did he—?" stammered Vane.

"Yesterday morning," replied Harold Tempest; "at least, about mid-day. It was an accident. The coach—you know he had taken to tooling the coach from Nenton Petroch to Westleigh? Well, something went wrong with the wheel, and the blessed thing turned over on its side. Westleigh was pitched down amongst the horses; one of 'em was a young mare and bolted, and—and she kicked him. He must have been killed in an instant; it was right on the temple." He put his finger to the spot on his own head.

Vane shuddered.

"The coach was dragged on a deuce of a distance," went on Harold Tempest, "and young Vernon appears to have been underneath it."

"Young Vernon—Westleigh's son?"

"Yes, didn't I tell you? He was with his father on the coach that morning, as luck would have it. They got him out after a time and carried him home; but he died soon after mid-day."

"Good heaven!" Vane exclaimed with horror and grief. "Both—you say both!"

Harold Tempest nodded.

"Yes, both; both on the same day. Awful, isn't it? I wish I'd broken it to you better, Vane; but, after all, I'm better one of those beastly sharp telegrams that come upon you like a hundred of bricks."

"Yes, yes; thank you," said Vane hoarsely, with his hand to his head.

"I'm glad I got down here in time to put the wedding off," said Harold Tempest. "It's an awful nuisance, a dreadful blow for you; but—but I suppose it wouldn't do to let it take place as if nothing had happened; though, really when you come to think of it, and how hard it is on you and Lady Florence——"

Vane started. Put off the wedding! The thought—alas! the hope—shot like a gleam of light athwart the gloom of this awful news.

"I—I don't know," he faltered. "We must go over to the Grange at once. You'll—you'll have some breakfast?" And he rang.

But when the breakfast was brought in neither of them was equal to more than a cup of coffee, and it was drunk almost in silence. Vane stood and stared at the fire, apparently so lost that young Tempest took upon himself to order the carriage. They got into it, and were driven to the Grange.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go straight to Westleigh," said Harold.

Vane looked up.

"What?"

"They'll want you at once; they are wanting you now, in fact; and the lawyer chap—what's his name?—told me to tell you that they could do nothing till you came. 'Tell the earl,' he said, 'that I'll send the carriage to meet each train.'"

"The earl! What earl?" asked Vane confusedly.

Harold Tempest stared at him.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "You can't have forgotten that young Vernon was the late earl's only son, and that as he is dead, you have got the title and are now the Earl of Westleigh!"

Vane looked out of the window.

"I had forgotten that; yes, I had forgotten it," he said humbly. "Would to heaven I were not! Yes," he added after a pause, "I will go to Westleigh at once if—if the wedding does not take place."

"'Pon my word I don't see how it can!" remarked Harold Tempest.

"We shall see," said Vane. "It rests with Lady Florence."

As they drove up to the Grange they could plainly observe the signs of the prevailing excitement. Footmen and grooms with white favors stood about waiting for the guests; a group of villagers in their Sunday best, and with favors on also, and holding huge bunches of primroses and violets, hung about the gates, and clustered in groups in the roads leading to the church.

Vane and young Tempest entered the house and were met by Lady Florence's maid. The bride already being attired in her white satin and Brussels, had watched for his coming and sent to greet him.

"Her ladyship's love, sir," said the maid, "and she will be down as soon as possible."

Vane nodded and passed into the library. As he crossed the hall the servants noticed his haggard face and the grave countenance of his best man, and exchanged glances and whispered comments.

"More like a funeral than a wedding," said one.

Vane found the earl in the library. The old man was not in the best of humors. He hated a wedding, not only because because of its attendant folly, but because it necessitated early rising: he did not get down usually till the world was well aired.

"Oh! here you are," he said rather shortly. "Thank the Lord it will soon be over. I swear that if I were going to be married again—which, heaven forbid!—I'd take the woman on my arm, and be married at a registrar's, with his clerk for witness. How d' do, Harold? Years since I've seen you; when you were in the chicken stage—all legs and wings. You're looking—no I'm hanged if I can say you are looking well. Why, I'm dashed if you don't look as if you'd spent the night before the wedding as we used to do in the fine old times: three bottles a-piece, and the bridegroom first under the table!"

"Well, Lord Warlock, we've—we've had news," stammered Harold Tempest, and then he told him.

The earl was terribly shocked and upset.

"I knew it would happen!" he declared. "I always told him he'd break his neck over that cursed coaching business. And the boy too! Oh, Lord, such a nice boy! But——" he started and looked at Vane, who stood by the window haggard and silent. "Then you are the new earl, eh, Vane? Heaven! who'd have thought you had ever got the title?"

Vane nodded gloomily. The old man leant back in his chair, shading his eyes with his hand for a moment or two, then he looked up suddenly with a start. "But what the deuce are you doing here, Vane? You ought to be at Westleigh."

Vane colored.

"The—the wedding, sir," he said in a low voice.

The earl stared at him aghast.

"Wedding! Wedding! Why you know there can't be an wedding to-day! What! Westleigh and his boy lying dead and you talk of a wedding! It must be put off, Harold, go and tell them the news, and send down to the church to stop those confounded bells. Wedding! You must be out of your mind to talk about it on such a day as this. The marriage must be put off until the funeral, at any rate——"

As he spoke, the door opened and Lady Florence entered. She was fully dressed and looked like a queen in her nuptial splendor. It is said that a beautiful bride is an anomaly; that the dead white suits no complexion, and that a woman never looks to worse advantage than when she stands at the altar in her spotless satin and costly lace; but, if it be so, then Lady Florence was the exception which proves the rule. Harold Tempest started. He thought that he had never seen a more lovely woman. She was pale—as becomes a bride—and she looked at Vane questioningly, as if she was uncertain how he would receive her after the scene of last night; and when he came forward she grasped his hand with one of hers and covered it with the other. She took no notice whatever of Harold Tempest; it seemed as if for her there was only one man in the world.

"Vane," she said, "what is it papa is saying—what does he mean by saying that the wedding must be put off?"

"You shall judge," said Vane. Harold Tempest, considering himself de trop, stole out of the room. "Florence, my cousin Lord Westleigh and his son are dead; they died yesterday."

She drew a long breath.

"Then—then you are the earl now! Vane, I—I am so glad!"

Vane drew back with something like horror in his face.

"Florence, Florence," he said hurriedly, "you cannot know what you are saying; you—you do not understand, realize!"

"Yes, I do!" she responded almost fiercely. "what are he and his son to me? I am sorry that they should die, but—oh! Vane, you are all the world to me; you are my world, and I can only be glad or sorry on your account!"

His heart sank, sohed.

"And what about the wedding being put off—why should it be?"

Her father jumped up from his chair with something like a muttered oath.

"Florence, you are beyond all conscience; your—your selfishness is—is simply—Confound it all— I say, the marriage shall not take place! If you haven't any sense of decency, I have, and I—I won't permit it! Why, at this moment he ought to be on his way to Westleigh. Go to your room and take off that finery, and look out a black dress, and—and tell the servants to tell the people who are coming what has happened, and that the wedding is postponed."

She turned upon him almost fiercely.

"No!" she cried in a low voice. "It shall not be. What are they to me?" Then her voice broke. "Oh, papa, papa, do not let it be put off. You know—you know what they say, that a wedding postponed will never take place."

"Superstitious nonsense!" growled the earl. "I tell you I won't have it!"

She clung to Vane's hand, and appealed to him with white face and eyes distended, as it seemed with superstitious fear.

"Vane! Vane!——"

"I am ready," he said, pressing her hand. "I will go to the church with you now, we need not wait and catch the next train after the ceremony."

"Yes!" she panted eagerly. "Papa——"

But the earl was in a fairly royal rage by this time. With an oath he rang the bell. "Lady Florence's maid!" he thundered; then he turned to her. "Go to your room! I say it shall not be. After the funeral as soon as you like. And you be off Vane. Here!" he stamped to the door and called to a footman, "Order the phaeton and pair, and drive Mr. Tempest—I mean the earl of Westleigh—to the station, and drive like the deuce."

Florence clung to Vane's hand for another moment, then she let it fall and turned away with half-closed eyes.

"If—if it must be!" she said almost inaudibly. "But—" turning to her father, still bubbling over with wrath and gout, "but if anything happens to—to separate me and him, remember it is your doing."

"Now don't be a fool, Florence!" he stuttered. "What can happen? He'll come back after the funeral——"

She drew nearer to Vane, and held up her white face with the singular look of dread in her eyes.

"Good-bye!" she said. "Kiss me! Again!"

He kissed her twice—his lips were cold upon her burning ones—but she turned and, with a long look at him, left the room.

"You were rough with her, sir," Vane could not help saying.

"Rough be ——," restored the old man. "The fact is—well, humph—I ought not to say it to your face, though, it's too palpable—Florence is infatuated. I only hope it will last. If it does, I suppose you'll ill-treat her: men always ill-treat the woman who gives herself away so completely."

"Heaven forbid!" said Vane sadly.

"For heaven's sake be off!" said the earl impatiently. "I shall have a deuce of a fit of gout after all this fuss. I wish to heaven you were both married and out of my sight. There—there—I don't mean it of course, only—— The phaeton? Thank heaven!"

So Vane—the bridegroom—and his best man were driven wildly to the station and away from the church, and the bride was left in her chamber to mourn alone.

Her maid had offered to receive the bridal dress, but Lady Florence had repulsed her and sent her away, and, sinking into a chair, sat with her face buried in her hands, the costly satin and dainty lace all crushed and tumbled. She heard the carriages roll up, and, after a short interval, roll away again—not empty, but with the amazed guests. The bells ceased ringing, the bustle of excitement in the house lulled and sank into what seemed to her foreboding quietude. The wedding day was passing away, but she was not Vane's wife! He had gone away, the wedding postponed. "A wedding postponed will never come to pass!" The burden rang in her ears like a knell.

Would he desert her? She knew that he did not love her, that he loved this unknown woman of whom he had told her last night. Would he desert her, Florence, now that he was wealthy and did not need her money? Would he go back to this wretched girl, this servant wench, waitress, dairymaid, or what she was?

The thought drove her almost mad. She rose at last suddenly, as if she could not endure the silence, the solitude, any longer, and with feverish haste tore off the wedding dress, slitting the lace into tatters. A costume lay on the bed—a tailor-made traveling gown—the gown in which she was to have started on her wedding tour: her honeymoon with Vane. She put it on, scarcely seeing what it was—heedless—put on her hat, and went down the stairs. The house seemed to stifle her. She felt as if the walls were closing in upon her and crushing her, as if she must escape into the fresh air or die.

There was no one in the hall as she passed through. Every servant, Jack and Jill, was down in the servants' hall, talking his and her head off, and—quite properly—consuming the marriage feast. She opened the door and passed out unseen. The air was growing colder; the light and heat of the February sun beginning to wane; and as she stood on the steps and looked round her with restless, vacant eyes, she shuddered slightly. A chill of presentiment struck to her heart as she gazed down the road on which Vane had been borne away from her. Absently, mechanically, she walked down the drive and into the avenue. She had got halfway down it, walking with her head bent, her hands clenched at her side, when the figure of a man stepped out from the side-walk under the trees, and stopped before her. She did not start, though before she actually recognized him she knew who it was. His presence in the hour of her suspense and dread seemed fitting! It was Senley Tyers. He raised his hat and looked at her with an expectant, half mocking smile.

"Lady Florence!" he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEIR USUAL LENGTH OF LIFE.—Domestic animals generally live longer than their wild brethren of the same species. A dog lives about twenty years; a wolf somewhat less; and a fox only about fifteen: that is, assuming the wolf and the fox to die a natural death. A cat lives about fifteen in a neighborhood where boys are scarce and good.

Pigs have sometimes reached the age of thirty; but if killed at that advanced period of life their bacon has a tendency to be hard and "reesty." The average age of horses is twenty-six or twenty-seven, though one has been known to reach the mature age of sixty-two. The present writer once drove a brisk little mare nearly forty years of age. Tramway horses rarely last longer than twelve or thirteen years.

A rabbit lives seven, and a hare eight years, unless their existence is cut short by traps or guns. In spite of his cheerfulness and foresight the squirrel dies at seven years of age. On the other hand, the good and mild camel lives long—sometimes to the age of a hundred. The bear passes away, a comparative youth, at twenty; but the lion holds the field much longer—the celebrated lion, Pompey, lived until he was seventy.

The elephant, however, if not the king, is the patriarch of animals. He averages a hundred years, and occasionally reaches the truly patriarchal age of four hundred. The story is familiar to schoolboys of the elephant which was turned adrift by an Asiatic potentate. Two or three hundred years afterwards the animal was caught, and its identity was established beyond question by the ornaments it still wore.

But a thick hide does not always ensure long life; for the rhinoceros, against whose skin a bullet will flatten, dies at the early age of twenty-two.

AUTHOR (to his wife)—"Rejoice, O wife of my bosom! I have gained a prize of 500 marks for my latest effort." Wife—"Which article was it?" Author—"Oh, that essay of mine, 'The Defects of a Wife; a Study from Nature.'"

A LOVED FACE GONE.

BY LOUISE A. NORTON.

All the earth was clothed in darkness,
Birds were stilled in song;
Life had lost for us all brightness,
One loved face had gone.

Gone alone to God in heaven,
Joy eternal there,
Leaving sorrowing ones behind him
Their bitter pain to bear.

Never more that face so gentle
On earth shall we see;
That merry laugh is hushed and silent
For eternity.

We think it oh! so very cruel,
That God should take away
This one so young, so kind and good,
So brief here was his stay.

But when we meet again in heaven,
See his fair face glow;
Hear his laugh of richer music,
Then we all shall know.

My Grandfather's Chair

BY H. L. B.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS only nineteen when I first saw Jack. I shall never forget that day, and I am quite sure he will not, for, without taking into consideration anything else, it was the occasion on which he was celebrating his coming age. Not his twenty-first birthday itself; that had passed quietly two winters ago; for his mother, who was a great invalid, having been abroad in the Riviera at the time, all festivities had been necessarily postponed until she shall be able to be present.

Since then much of her time had been passed on the Continent or at various health resorts in England; and so it came about that the coming of age of the young squire, the owner of the manor's only son, was celebrated, not on his twenty-first, but his twenty-third birthday.

How well I remember the dance at the Hall; yes, even the dress I wore. Jack has often told me since that his first glimpse of me was of an angel in white; and, although I "say it as shouldn't," it was a lovely gown—far too good, I heard an envious on-looker whisper, for the poor doctor's daughter.

Perhaps if the author of the uncharitable remark were known how little that dress had in reality cost, or how many of the stitches had put in by my own fingers, it would never have been made.

My father was poor, there was no denying that; fortune had been against him all his life, and now at sixty, instead of being able to retire and dispose of his practice to younger men, he was still under the necessity of toiling early and late at his much-loved profession.

He had no son to help or succeed him, for I was his only child; and although I did my very best to keep down expenses in our modest household and tried my hardest to make both ends meet, it was an uphill struggle for us both at times.

We had but lately settled in Medlicott, a small country town, or rather overgrown village, most of the land surrounding it being owned by Squire Everest, and yet as had made few friends.

Some of the families in the neighborhood, finding that my father was not a rich man, that, for example, instead of keeping a stylish brougham and pair, he was obliged to content himself with the sturdy cob that had carried him for over a dozen years, took no pains to conceal their discontent and displeasure.

They called once, it is true, as in duty bound, but that was all; and I, seeing how matters were, and resenting them—for I was proud too—felt not at all inclined to return the call.

How different it was with dear Mrs. Everest, Jack's mother. I shall never forget the kind way in which she welcomed the motherless girl to Medlicott, soothed my ruffled feelings, and never rested until she had made me promise to call at the Hall.

You shall judge when I have told my story. No wonder, at any rate, that my heart warmed to her at once, or that, when the invitations for the birthday celebration were sent out, and there was one among them for Dr. Macleod and his daughter Florence, it should have been unhesitatingly accepted.

I suppose the ball was a very grand affair. I know most of the county families for miles round were there; but I cared little for that, I was too happy to think much about anything except to enjoy myself.

It was an altogether new sensation for me to find myself the centre of so much attraction, and truly it was enough to turn the head of any girl so young and inexperienced as I to find that the young squire danced with me so often, and seemed to have no eyes for any one but me.

And, for I was not altogether the angel Jack called me, I cannot deny that a spice of irrepressible triumph mingled with my happiness when I could not but notice that haughty Mrs. Averill's two daughters, who had behaved towards me with such supercilious contempt on their first and only call, were left to sit out through quadrille, valses, and even the Lancers; while my card was full for every dance, not excepting the extras.

It was the overflowing drop in my cup of happiness to see that my father, while watching the dancers and beaming on me with fatherly interest, was evidently fast getting on friendly terms with the old squire. The dance was over at last, and excited, blushing, breathless, with Jack's parting words ringing in my ears, I found myself out in the cool night air, to walk home in the moonlight, leaning on my father's arm, with my mind full of new thoughts and a torrent of confused yet most delighted images filling my brain. Shall I say more? He is my husband, and I need have no shame in owning that that night was the dawn of love for us both.

A year passed, a bright happy year in one sense, though marked by changes. Jack had gone back to Cambridge, but he came down very often, and we saw a good deal of each other.

And although there was as yet no open engagement between us, we each felt that the one was all the world to the other; and I, for my part, knew that no one but myself would be the young squire's wife. So time went on until the sad, sad day that brought the death of dear Mrs. Everest.

After that things changed a good deal. I seldom went to the Hall now; there was no inducement for me to go, for the squire himself, though always civil and perfectly friendly, had never, I fancied, been very cordial towards me. And Jack, excepting for a hurried visit now and then, was still away.

So I lived my old quiet life, in the same monotonous way, until the fearful morning came that brought the fatal letter telling of my father's ruin, all the savings of sixty years irreclaimably lost. The shock was a terrible one; but I cannot bear to write of what followed, though every moment of that time seems to be branded on my memory. Before a week had passed, the end had come, and I was left fatherless.

At first I could not realise it, and afterwards, when they told me that everything he had owned had been lost and that I was penniless, I heeded not; it was nothing to me then. Every one was very kind but I was bewildered, half stunned rather, and I seemed unable to rouse myself or to realize what had taken place until the funeral was all over.

Then I began, in a dull vague way, to ask myself what I was to do. Everything had gone; I had nothing left that I could call my own, and I had no one to whom I could go. There would be something for me after the sale of the furniture and the horse, I was told; and Mr. Symonds, the rector, managed everything for me, and saw that the very best was done on my behalf.

I remember that I cried bitterly as I saw poor Brownie led away; some one, I believe, said I cried more then than I had done for my father.

But that was some one who did not understand, who could not know how the presence of the fact forced upon me the reality of the other, or how hard it is for some natures to find relief in tears.

For a little while, until things were settled, I stayed at the Vicarage, doing my best, as a slight return for their parents' kindness to me, to teach the three youngest children. But this could not last long; after all, it was only living on charity, for I had known long before that the three children were to have gone to school, so I turned my thoughts in another direction, and began to consider in what way I should earn my living.

My education had been a good one; I had a fair knowledge of German; French I could not bear, although I read it tolerably well; of both music and drawing I was passionately fond, and of chemistry, animal physiology and Latin I knew rather more than most girls, having studied them with my father.

Must I go out as a governess? The thought was distasteful, for I felt that I had no natural gift for teaching—my short experience with the little Symonds had taught me that—but there seemed to be nothing else for me to do.

I made up my mind at last, when, after everything had been arranged and every collector satisfied, the vicar put fifty pounds into my hand, telling me that this was my own, the sum total of my possessions. I told him then the decision to which I had come; and so it was arranged, and an advertisement put in the paper, as a preliminary step.

And then—ah Jack, Jack, why did you come down to Medlicott that morning and find me out, as I sat in the Vicarage garden, thinking such sad, sad thoughts? Perhaps, if you had only come later, when I might have been stronger, when the future would perhaps have seemed less dismal and dark, I might have resisted, have acted more like a heroine than a poor lonely girl, orphaned and friendless. But I was no heroine. I had never known what it was to stand alone in the world; and oh, I did so feel the want of someone to care for and protect me; and when Jack pleaded so hard, his strong will dominated mine at last, and I said "Yes," oh, so gladly, promising that as soon as might be I would be his wife. Then, manlike, having obtained my promise, thinking that the rest was certain, he left me, promising to come back soon, and went to tell his father.

I had been afraid of the squire all the time, and my forebodings proved true. Jack had laughed at my fears, and called me a little goose, telling me that his father loved him too well to refuse him anything, and I had grown to believe him at last; but when he came to me that morning, one glance at his clouded brow and set stern face, told me all.

"Florence," he said hoarsely, "you were right; he forbids our marriage. But it matters nothing; you are mine, and I am yours; we are both of age, and married we will be, in spite of all."

And, yet again I must tell it, once more he overruled me; and in five weeks from that time I was the wife of the heir of Medlicott Hall. I was more to blame than he was, my dear husband; I ought to have known better and persuaded him to leave to time and fortune that he took so rashly into his own hands; but I was only human and I did love Jack so much.

So we were married; and the next day Jack wrote to his father, telling him the step he had taken, and pleading only his love and my loneliness as his excuse. The letter came back to us, with no comment, no remark; but it was followed a few days later by a stern short intimation that henceforth, as far as Squire Everest was concerned, he looked upon his son as dead. My husband did not show me that letter—not for years did I know its true import; but I guessed all by the sharp look of pain that crossed his face, as, crushing it into his pocket, he put his arm round me, saying only, "Flossie, my poor little Flossie, you and I must begin the world alone."

"Have you had bad news, Jack?" I ventured to ask timidly.

"Yes," he said, with a short laugh, "but it is nothing more than I expected. Now for our wedding trip, little wife; we must get out of here."

It was a single room in Marling, the town where we had been married; and although the first part of the sentence had been spoken lightly, I knew that he was in earnest at the last. So we laid our heads together and considered ways and means. I had still my thirty pounds, and Jack had about fifty to call his own, for he had been economical during his last term at Cambridge, and his father had paid all his college bills.

"Not far short of a hundred to begin housekeeping on," said he, "lots of young couples have had to do with less than that. We'll go up to London, Floss, and take—no, we won't take a house, we'll go into rooms, and I shall soon get something to do."

Of course he would; Jack was so clever and had done so well at Cambridge, that he would be sure to have no difficulty in obtaining employment. And for a little time all did go well. Though, as he said laughingly, he had never expected to have to turn his hand to quill driving to earn his living, and would have preferred to take pupils, he was not above accepting a clerkship. So, like many another young couple, we settled down in London, and prepared to begin the world together.

CHAPTER II.

FOR about six months everything seemed to prosper. Office work, although it came strangely to him at first, was not altogether distasteful to Jack; and as he put his whole heart into it, he gave unbounded satisfaction to his employers. I tried hard to do my part; and, the cost of our living not being much, those two little rooms of ours seemed like paradise.

I often looked back to that time through the gloomy months that followed, and thought what truly halcyon days those were—far, far too happy to last. We had been married in the spring-time, and all that summer was like a golden dream.

Our landlady was very good and attentive—we gave her but little trouble, she said—and during Jack's absence I used to work with a will to keep our two little rooms as bright, neat and attractive as they had been at first. Then in the evenings we used to go out together, to one of the parks, if fine, or, failing that, to some place of amusement where the price of admission was not too high for our modest means.

But such unbroken peace could not last, and in the autumn our first trouble came. Going to his office one morning without his overcoat, as he would do if I did not watch him carefully, Jack was caught in a heavy shower, with the result that he was wet through. A bad cold followed; and although at first he made light of it, and objected strongly to be "coddled," as he called my endeavors to make him take care of himself, the cold did not seem to get better, but rather worse, and hung about him for weeks.

At last, one morning, when he had tossed and turned all night, and talked nonsense in his sleep, he awoke so much worse that I was terribly frightened, and stealing out of the room, begged Mrs. Hill to send her little boy for the nearest doctor.

Jack was very angry when he knew what I had done, but for once I did not heed his anger; I felt too anxious on his account to care about anything else, and, on seeing the doctor's grave face, only wished that I had sent for him earlier.

That was the beginning of a long weary illness for my dear husband; and even when the worst was over and he was getting better, many weeks, we know, must elapse before he would be fit for work again.

And our little stock of money, all that we had put by for a rainy day, was beginning to melt away fast. I never knew till then how quickly money goes when only visits are paid to it to take away from, not to add to, the store.

Rent, fire, doctor's bills—without mentioning all the little extras needed now by the invalid, for although Jack never spoke a word of complaint, I knew he had never been used to privations, and tried hard not to let him miss any comforts—played sad havoc with our little reserve fund; and I, knowing it, took every shilling with an aching heart, hoping to keep the true state of the case a secret from him as long as I could.

But one day he made me bring him the purse, and when he saw how little there was left he turned away and hid his face in the pillow with a kind of moan. The very next day he dismissed the doctor; and as soon as he could walk started out again for his old office, only to find, as I had dreaded all the time that his place had been filled up, and his services no longer required.

I need not dwell much longer on that time; fortunately, before other troubles came, he managed to obtain employment elsewhere, although at a sadly reduced rate.

Our first child, a girl, died before she was three weeks old. That was hard; but it was less hard, I think, to have her taken so suddenly than to have watched her fading day after day, without possessing the means of helping or saving her.

We weathered the rest of that year somehow; things would have been less difficult had we been free from the debts incurred at the time of my illness. Jack's old cough came back to him at the beginning of winter, but he managed to keep fairly well; and when the long evenings came he obtained some lawyer's copying work to do, which helped to bring grist to the mill, and over which he would sit until far into the night.

It was a long, hard winter, the frost lasting into February; and many a night, on one pretext or another, I used to sit up with him, in reality to keep up the fire, which otherwise he would have been sure to let go out, listening to the mechanical scratch of my husband's pen, and thinking how worn and weary he looked, as he sat with his left hand pressed to his forehead, toiling away at the dull, monotonous work.

Surely the silent prayers sent up by me in those long night-watches must have

been the invisible strings between our troubles and One above; although the answer to them did not come then, and came in so strange a way at last.

Our second child had been born by this time, a boy, named Harold, after the old squire. His father would have it so; and I, for my part, did not gainsay him, only stipulating that he should be called John as well.

How often did I think, looking at the unconscious child, that, should he be spared to grow to manhood, he at least would never come under the ban of his father's displeasure through having married merely for love.

And bitter feelings rose in my heart against the stern old man who had so completely forgotten the ties of nature. It was not for the money, I was not mercenary, and cared nothing for money for money's sake; but only those who have passed through it know how hard it is to feel charitable towards those who are living in wealth and opulence, enjoying the rightful heritage of our dear ones, whom we have to see suffer in silence for the want of it.

At last, one day, I could bear it no longer; I must have been very low and weak, and scarcely have known what I was saying, and return to his father.

"He is his grandson," I said wildly, "and you are his son, his future heir; he will not, he cannot hold out against you. It is I who am the alien and mischief-maker, and I shall not be there. Go, for the child's sake."

But Jack, with a fierceness that almost frightened me—although, strange perversity, I liked to hear him say it—told me never to let him hear me say that again, declaring that father and son were nothing to him in comparison with me.

In yet another way Jack tried his best to eke out our scanty livelihood by the writing of stories and articles for some of the papers or magazines, and often when the fit was strong upon him he would sit up till morning, intent upon getting his essay or story finished, and walking miles with it when evening came to save the cost of postage.

Sometimes the manuscripts were accepted, more often declined, and although he never told me when the latter was the case I knew it perfectly well by the look on his face. He had the blessing, or the curse, of a powerful imagination, and had been popularly reckoned a wit at Cambridge, and his sense of honor stood him in good stead now.

But I can never bear to look into a comic paper since that time, for my thoughts wander from jokes to the joke-makers, and I find myself lost in sad recollections and catch myself wondering if the writer dipped his pen in his heart and wrote, as it seemed to me Jack did, in letters of blood.

One morning in early summer I was busy as usual in our two little rooms, when I suddenly heard my husband's step on the stair and his voice calling me. His return at that time of day was so unnatural that I was terrified and rushed hastily into the sitting-room fearing that something was wrong with him.

"Flossie," he said reassuringly, "don't look so scared, my darling. It is bad news, but not the sort you think. Read this letter," and he put it into my hand.

I obeyed tremblingly, wondering why he should look so pale. It was a brief, concise intimation from his father's lawyer, telling him that the old squire was seriously ill and not likely to live much longer.

"Oh, Jack," I said timidly, "what will you do?"

"I must go to him," he answered. "I cannot know that my father is dying and leave him to be tended in his last hours by hirelings, nor let him go from me without obtaining his forgiveness. You must come too, Florence, and the child; and it must be to-day. There is no time to be lost."

"I will," I said. "I will get ready now; but can we?' He knew what I meant.

"We can," he answered, "but these rooms must be given up. I am sorry, little wife, but there is no help for it; we cannot do both, and Mrs. Hill may perhaps be able to take us in again when we come back."

"This is not from Medlicott," I said, looking at the address and postmark of the letter.

"No, from Teddington, the other place. You have never been there."

The other place! Then there were two noble ancestral dwellings with acres of land attached to them, all at the disposal of one old man, while his only son was earning starvation wages and working early and late to keep body and soul together, an alien and disinherited, for the mere crime of marrying for love and winning a penniless bride.

Ah, that was where the sting of it lay; for I knew, none better, that had the poor doctor's daughter been able to bring a rich dowry with her, the old squire would have been not only pleased, but proud, to link his son to a daughter of the Macleods.

It struck me anew, this sense of the grim irony of fate, when, that evening, walking beside my husband's side up the long elm avenue that led through the magnificent park, I caught sight of the deer, those beautiful useless creatures, bounding away to hide themselves from the strangers. Why, they were better off than we were; they were sure at least of receiving food through the winter.

Perhaps Jack's thoughts were the same as mine, but I made no comment; and we approached the grand old Elizabethan house in silence, my husband carrying our modest luggage, and I little Harold.

The hall door was closed, but there was no servant on duty there; no bulletin on view to answer possible callers and avoid the necessity of disturbing the invalid by ringing the bell. Jack looked at me for an instant, then, with the air of a man who has braced himself to face a task from where there can be no going back, he stepped forward and rang the bell.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a few minutes there was silence; then a dog barked somewhere in the interior of the house; presently footsteps sounded on the tiled hall, and the door was thrown open by a liveried footman.

Jack eyed him sharply for a moment, but the man was young and must have been a mere boy at the time of the young squire's leaving home. Probably he was a new-comer too, for not a sign of recognition was visible on his stolid face.

"Is Mrs. Benson here just now?" Jack demanded.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, accompanied by a questioning, not to say suspicious look.

"Can I see her, then?" was the next question; and the tone had so much of an authoritative ring about it that the man answered again, "Yes, sir," meekly, and started off, coming back however to ask, "What name, sir, please, or shall I take your card?"

"Neither name nor card is necessary at present," returned Jack. "Give Mrs. Benson this note," handing him one which he had written in the train, "and we await your return here."

The man gave us another sharp look and went off, but did not stay away long. On his return he requested us to follow him, and we were shown into the large drawing-room, where the mirrors and pictures were swathed in white draperies and the furniture shrouded from view by cretonne covers.

Jack seemed perfectly at home there; he put me into a low comfortable chair, a veritable sleepy hollow, that he told me had been his mother's favorite, but he would not sit down himself, and stood on the hearthrug, gazing round the room, which must have been so strangely familiar to him. What his feelings must have been to arrive as a stranger at the door of his own father's house, and to look at all that was his own by right, I cannot tell.

We had not to wait long; presently hurried footsteps sounded in the hall outside, and Mrs. Benson, the former housekeeper, whom I remembered quite well, almost ran into the room. What a meeting that was—how she cried over us both and kissed baby Harold, laughing, weeping, asking questions, to which she did not wait for replies, all in one breath.

"And my father?" Jack asked at last, when he could get a word in.

She shook her head. "He's very low, sir, very low indeed, the doctor says. He thinks it can't be many days now."

Jack looked down at the carpet.

"And is he still unchanged?" he asked huskily. "Do you think that—that he would see me?"

Mrs. Benson burst anew into tears

"Never a bit of change in him, Mr. Jack. All your letters he have sent back unanswered; Heaven alone knows if he ever read 'em, and he never so much as names your name."

"But I must see him," said my husband humbly, after a minute's silence. "Could I not just get a glance at him? He might not know me," he added. "I must be a good deal changed."

And in truth he was; though not more than nine-and-twenty, his hair had silver threads in it, and his face was worn and pale. Yet the change was for the better, in spite of all.

Jack had always been tall and straight, but within these last few years he had grown broad-shouldered as well; and although the careless brightness of youth had gone, it had left behind it a look of manliness and of self-reliance which the face of the young heir of days gone by had never worn.

"And so you are changed, Heaven knows," sobbed the good old woman. "But you mustn't go up, my dear lad, he would know you at once, in spite of all; and it won't do to be too sudden. Let Miss Florence go up instead, and see what she can do; and maybe, if she manages to soften him, and we break it to him as you're here, after a bit, he'll consent to see you. Who knows what may come of it all?"

"Will you go, Flossie?" asked Jack, pleadingly.

My heart sank a little at this proposal, but I would not shrink.

"Yes," I said, faltering. "Only, he will know me too, will he not?"

"You hide that pretty hair under a cap, and put on an apron, and he won't," was the answer. "My word, but you are changed, my dear."

"She has had to bear the brunt of it all, you see," said Jack tenderly; "it has come hardest upon her." And he would not let me speak to deny it.

"That's what we'll do, then," said Mrs. Benson, "but not to-night—'tis too late to do anything to-night; time enough in the morning. I've given orders to have the south room got ready for you, sir; and you must be wanting something to eat, sure."

But to the implied proposal Jack gave a decided refusal; he was proud too, and his pride was up in arms at once.

"Until I know that my father would himself make me welcome, I will accept neither food nor lodging beneath his roof," he said, haughtily.

But with Harold and me the case was different; for us he would not refuse the proffered hospitality of his own rooftree, and after bidding us good-night and commending me to the willing care of Mrs. Benson, he went off to take up his quarters at the village inn.

It was very strange to me to sleep that night in the fresh country air and amid the luxurious surroundings of that magnificent bedroom; and at first when I awoke I could scarcely remember where I was. But it all came back to me speedily; and I had little time to think of anything save the ordeal before me, when, after breakfast, I prepared with a trembling heart to make my first venture into the room of my father-in-law.

Under Mrs. Benson's directions I smoothed away my hair beneath a neat white cap, put on a large apron over my black gown, and tried to persuade myself that I looked a nurse.

"Do you think I will do?" I asked anxiously, looking in the glass and trying to conceal the fair hair that would peep out from under the cap. In reality, I think there was little fear of the old squire's recognizing me; during these past four years I had grown to look much older, and although in some respects I had not changed much, my appearance was very different now from that of the bright-faced Florence Macleod whom he had known years ago.

Ah, there was no doubt as to the miserable life Squire Everest had lived of late; and every feeling save one of pity died out of my heart as I stole into the room and glanced at the stern old face, bearing too truly the evidences of a loveless and lonely old age.

He was asleep when I entered; and after one glance I sat down noiselessly in the partially darkened room to watch for his waking. I had not to wait long; and, having been well drilled by Mrs. Benson, as soon as I heard a movement I stole to his side, a cup of beef tea in my hand. He stared at me curiously and so intently that I began to fear his suspicions had been aroused already.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A YOUNG village maiden had obtained the modesty prize. "I suppose then, my child," said a Parisian lady addressing her, "you are the most modest girl in the parish?" "There is not the slightest doubt about that, ma'am, and it's a downright shame I didn't get all the other prizes."

AN OPPORTUNE FRIEND will be found in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, when racked by a severe Cold, and the many Lung or Throat affections, which sometimes follow. This old remedy has met the approval of two generations, and is to-day as popular, safe, and effective as ever.

Scientific and Useful.

PAPER TEETH.—Among the most remarkable inventions at the recent paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth made by a Lubeck dentist in 1878. They have been in constant use for more than thirteen years, and show absolutely no wear whatever.

PAINT FOR PRESERVING METALS.—One part pulverised graphite, one part lead sulphate, and one part zinc sulphate, rubbed up together and mixed well with sixteen parts of linseed-oil varnish and then boiled, form a coating which water will not wash off, and a trustworthy protection for all kinds of oxidisible metals in all kinds of exposure to weather.

ELECTRICITY.—To the speculative mind none of the possible future applications of electricity is more attractive and none so full of immediate interest as the possibility that seems almost within our grasp of obtaining light without heat, of making the light waves without the heat waves that have thus far always been at the same time the companion and the burden of all artificial light. The time is ripe, and the exact science of the day seems all but ready and willing to give the analysis.

ELECTRICITY USED IN FARMING.—Electricity is already used as a motive power on some English farms, and Mr. G. E. Bonney, the well-known electrician, states that it may be employed even more directly in aid of agriculture as a growth stimulator. He makes the assertion that a current of electricity passing through the soil breaks up the salts into their constituent elements, and in that way nitrate of potash, nitrate of soda, and phosphate of lime, may be brought into forms early available as plant food.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—How can you find out whether a postage stamp has been used or not? Photograph it. If the postmark has been obliterated the blue or green color will not make any impression on the plate, while the black traces of the obliteration will appear with great clearness. Even when the stamps have been well washed and no trace of the obliteration can be seen by the naked eye or through the microscope, the photograph will show very clearly the two concentric circles of the stamp, the date, and even the name of the locality.

Farm and Garden.

TIMBER.—Professor Burrell says the figures presented by theorists as to the value of timber as a crop are extravagant, and by no means a proper basis for business, yet tree planting for the many and varied purposes of health, comfort and pleasure, with financial profit as a subordinate factor, should be studied and practiced by individuals, communities and nations.

SMALL FRUITS.—The early spring is the time to set out the small fruits. Blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and currants should be in every garden. The currants are more neglected or overlooked than they should be. The bushes thrive on land that is somewhat moist, but not on wet soil. A partially shady place is not objectionable. They must be well manured.

WASTE PLACES.—Waste places can be advantageously used for trees. When a farmer has too much land, and does not care to sell, he should not allow it to grow up in any sort of wood that may take possession, but plow the land and put out young forest trees, in rows, and cultivate them the first year or two. Black walnut and other valuable trees may be grown. It is a process that more than pays the interest on the land, and the field may be used for cattle pasture a portion of the time.

THE SCRUB.—If every farmer would determine to obliterate the scrub, and use better stock, the wealth of the country would be doubled in a few years. Nothing destroys progress on the farm so much as the expensive scrub. Many farmers have worked hard for many years, supporting scrubs, when to-day they might be enjoying prosperity if they had long ago used only pure-bred stock. They have saved the small cost necessary to procure pure breeds, and paid an annual tax to the scrub every year, greater than the cost of improvement.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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The Candid Friend.

There are few people who do not, at some period of their lives, suffer from the nuisance known as a candid friend. Few people, that is, excepting those who are so violent-tempered and overbearing—and who, by the way, are generally candid friends themselves—that even a person burdened with more than a usual amount of superfluous candor dares not bestow any of it upon them.

A candid friend is a pest to society at large, and the harm it does by its ravages will never be known until the secrets of all hearts are revealed. Unless a few of them are murdered by way of encouragement to others to hold their peace, there appears to be no way of checking the evil. Failing this stringent measure, nothing remains but to diagnose their characteristics and to point out a few of the most palpable evils of which overmuch candor is the cause, in the hope that by so doing some may recognize candid friendship at its first approach, and flee what they are powerless to resist.

Your nose has a slight inclination towards one cheek, or you have a trifling cast in one eye; your looking-glass tells you twice a day at the least, but the candid friend is not satisfied till he has told you also. "Why shouldn't I?" he asks. "It is the truth." Your hair is becoming brindled; you broke a tooth the other day; your waistcoat is growing a little tight about the lower buttons; you feel an increasing inclination to lose a train rather than run for it; you are perfectly conscious of these trifles, they annoy you, and you are glad to think of them as little as possible; but unfortunately your candid friend knows them too, and he lets you know that he knows them.

You smile amiably at him as you shake hands in farewell, but if you did just what inclination prompts you to do, you would seize him by the throat and knock his head against the first convenient wall. Only a small wound to your vanity after all. Granted, my candid friend, but is it necessary to go through the world sticking pins into people, be those pins ever so tiny and the tissue into which you insert them ever so adipose?

But these things, unpleasant and annoying as they are, are nothing when compared with the higher branches of the candid friend's work. Where before he has but outraged your self-respect, and torn in shreds the cobweb of your vanity, now, unless you chance to be very strong indeed, he lays waste the garden of all your fairest hopes and ambitions.

Are you in business? Ah, well, he soon lets you know that he has a very poor opinion of your powers, and by disheartening and frightening you he does his best to help you along the road to that Bankruptcy Court which he is sure is your inevitable bourne.

If you have taken orders, he knows all about your nervousness in the pulpit, your tongue-tiedness in face of distress, and hastens to assure you with all the earnestness of a friend that you had much better have been apprenticed to a decent trade, for a curate at a few hundred a year you will most certainly remain all your life.

Are you a barrister? Well, he gives you credit for hard work, but he knows—bless you what is there the candid friend does not know?—that you have no special gifts, and will, in all probability, remain briefless till the end of time, unless you are fortunate enough to marry "a rich solicitor's daughter," when, as he tells you with a grin, you may be shoved into good things, which will be a bad look-out for the clients.

Probably you are not a genius, for geniuses are scarce, but probably also the desire and inclination which have led you in a certain direction imply a certain capacity, which the candid friend by his liberal supply of cold water has done his best to dull and deaden. With equal truth he might just as easily have pointed out some of your worst faults, while at the same time, by the bestowal of a little judicious praise of the better qualities in your work, he would have heartened you for attacking the difficulties.

He would have left you strengthened, braced; by the very faith which your friend appeared to have in you, you would be led on to do better and stronger work; you would feel that you owed it to yourself to justify his opinion. You do not teach a child to walk by first breaking its legs.

Very strong men and women can fling aside all the adverse criticism the most candid friend can give, and fight their way in the teeth of opposition, but we are not all strong—very few of us are, indeed, and the majority want helping and cheering along the uphill road.

The world outside is too busy and hurried to heed our individual concerns, and if we cannot rely upon our friends for the meat of encouragement, and for the oil and wine of sympathy, we are in hard case indeed.

How many little wayside flowers of refined thought and graceful idea, of dainty sketch and lilting air, which would have given pleasure to the creator and recipient alike, have been trampled under the iron heel of the candid friend, it is out of our power to count.

MAN is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially, if he is an intelligent man with a whole head, he needs its moral force to maintain its composure in the conflict of life. Home, to be a home, must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul, day after day, renews its strength, and goes forth with added vigor to encounter the labor and troubles and perplexities of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and constantly meets with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or is everlastingly assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

WHEN we think of the many and widely differing relations of life we sustain and the consequent various duties devolving upon us, we feel somewhat bewildered at the amount of knowledge of many kinds that seems essential. But time is short and our powers are limited, so we must be satisfied with thoroughness in one department and only a moderate proficiency in many others.

As soon as we grow self-satisfied and content with what we know and do and are, we cease to advance. Whatever change shakes us out of this false security, shows us our deficiencies, associates us with our superiors in action or in character, and inspire us to greater exertion is a real blessing, through whatever disguise of temporary pain or mortification it may appear.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by disposing of his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continuous falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar and leaves no trace behind.

A MAN should always have this rule in readiness: To change thy opinion, if there be any one at hand to set thee right and move thee from any opinion; but this change of opinion must proceed only from a certain persuasion as of what is just or of common advantage or the like, not because it appears pleasant or brings reputation.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book as easily be made by chance as this great volume of the world?

A GOOD conscience fears no witnesses, but a guilty conscience is solicitous even in solitude. If we do nothing but what is honest, let all the world know it; but, if otherwise, what does it signify to have nobody else know it, so long as I know it myself? Miserable is he who slights that witness.

MEN of learning who take to business discharge it with greater honesty than men of the world; because the former, in reading, have been used to find virtue extolled and vice stigmatized, while the latter have seen vice triumphant and virtue discountenanced.

WE can be thankful to a friend for a few books or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

THE essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour for him if he does not.

LIFE, which all creatures love and strive to keep—wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each, even to the meanest—yea, a boon to all where pity is; for pity makes the world soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

IT is a commonly observed fact that the enslavement of women is invariably associated with a low type of social life, and that, conversely, her elevation towards an equality with man uniformly accompanies progress.

DESPAIR makes a despicable figure, and is descended from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience. It argues a defect of spirit and resolution and often of honesty, too.

HE who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

IT is in periods of apparent disaster, during the sufferings of whole generations, that the greatest improvement in human character has been effected.

EVERY heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not; oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A.—Isocrates was an Athenian orator. He distinguished himself by lecturing on rhetoric and writing orations.

A. R.—The greatest length of the United States from east to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth from north to south 1,600 miles; average breadth 1,200 miles.

B. F. N.—"George Eliot's" first husband's name, Lewes, is pronounced with two syllables, as though spelled "Luiss," with the accent on the first syllable.

LURLINE.—Silence is golden sometimes; it may be so in your case. It is hardly a matter you can speak of to anyone. You can only wait and see what happens.

T. C.—Guiseppe Gaspardo Mezzofanti, the prodigy who spoke 56 languages, was a son of a poor carpenter at Bologna, where he was born in 1774. He died in Rome in 1849.

A. B. C.—"Bonne bouche" is the French equivalent for the English "tit-bit." The words are pronounced as if written "Bun boosh," the "oo" as sounded in "too."

C. M. F.—Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, with corresponding brightness, or twinkling of the stars, indicates rain. A morning rainbow is also regarded as a sign of rain.

C. G. C.—A strong solution of common washing soda and water will generally destroy warts. Keep the solution in a bottle, and apply freely to the warts as often as convenient. Let the soda dry on.

B. L. G.—Hazael is of Assyrian origin, and is sometimes used in naming a boy. It is a Scripture name. "Hazel" is sometimes used in naming a girl by parents who look about for an odd name. It is of modern origin.

S. P.—In India there are at present 200 newspapers published in the various vernacular languages—chiefly in Bengali, Urdu, Marathi, Gujarati, Tamil and Telugu. There are also nearly twenty journals published in English.

QUITS.—Keeping the mouth rigidly shut when asleep is a habit of body which may be caused by irritation of the nervous system or the digestive organs. Grinding the teeth in sleep is sometimes a symptom of serious disturbance. If the attention is strongly directed to the matter, consult a medical man.

L. T.—All newspirits, especially whisky contain more or less "fusel oil," which is highly injurious, and consists almost entirely of amylic alcohol. Its presence may readily be detected by rubbing a few drops on the hand. The vinous alcohol and water evaporate first, leaving the "fusel oil" behind, which can be recognized by its characteristic odor.

CELESTINE.—In the instances you mention it has nearly always happened that the gentleman has proved himself quite unworthy of the regard of the lady. A man who really loved a girl would not treat her in any way unworthy of himself or her. Those whose love is real do not forget each other. Many lovers are parted for a long time, but they do not necessarily forget.

PAUL.—It is a little difficult to say when the violin, as we know it, was invented. It is a similar instrument to the viol, which is of great antiquity, and both are said to have their origin in the Ravanastron, an Indian instrument still used, and said to have been known for five thousand years. The form of the violin as it exists now has not changed for the last two centuries; violins of the sixteenth century are still in use, and are very highly valued.

A. B.—All Carlyle meant by saying that the man who really laughs is not wholly bad was that genuine open-hearted mirth is scarcely compatible with the worst of characters. We are not prepared to indorse the statement. The laughter of Mephistopheles may be genuine and hilarious, but it can scarcely be said that he is not wholly bad. This is one of those statements that are made on the basis of a narrow and special view of a subject and do not admit of being generally applied.

R. D.—1. The Girondists were a French political party, deriving their name from the deputies of the department of Gironde, whom they acknowledged as their leaders. Madame Roland was their inspirer. See Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins." 2. Charles III., of Germany, was called "The Fat" because of his corpulence, and his inordinate love of the pleasures of the table. He was noted for his incapacity and cowardice. His last days were passed in poverty and seclusion.

H. F.—The Zodiac is that space in the firmament which the sun is supposed to traverse every year. This space is divided into two parts, containing the constellations, which are called the signs of the Zodiac, the appellations of which are as follows: The Ram, the Bull, the Twins, the Cancer, the Lion, the Virgin, the Balance, the Scorpion, the Arrow-head, Capricorn, Aquarius and the Fish. Each of these names had a mystic and symbolical meaning attached to it in the old Pagan Mythology.

C. B.—The meaning of the expression "aurora borealis" is the northern daybreak. It consists of mellow lights differently colored, which at certain times shoot up from horizon, and which are generally brighter towards the west. These lights vary and change in differently ways, some of them being very remarkable in appearance. Its real cause is not known, every explanation thus far offered being found in one respect or another faulty. The most accepted theory is that it is due to the operation of electricity working in some undiscovered manner.

DIVIDED LIVES.

BY SUSANNA J.

Divided lives! The words unfold
A hidden store of silent pain.
We were as one in days of old;
Divided now, estranged and cold,
How can we meet again?

The Past is dead that was so sweet,
Lost is the love we called our own;
Our life has reached its noon-day heat,
The road is rough for weary feet,
And yet we walk alone.

No future time can e'er fulfil
The promise of those early days;
Our walks achieve success, but still
The old wound throbs, and ever will—
Divided lives, divided ways!

A Great Bank Robbery.

BY RICHARD WARFIELD

"AM I addressing Mr. Lobyer?"

I bowed and asked my visitor to take a seat.

"Ah!" he said, "I am glad I have been fortunate enough to find you in. I wish you to do something for me."

I bowed again.

"My name," he went on, "is Valentine Holloway. I have an income, but am not rich. If I chose to work, I could earn several pounds a week, but I do not like work—do you comprehend?"

"Your case is not an unusual one," I said.

He smiled. "I tell you this," he continued, "so that you may charge me as moderately as possible. Mr. Lobyer, I have a sister, charming, graceful girl, handsome also; in a word, a feminine duplicate of myself."

"I admire your candor, Mr. Holloway. Pray go on."

"Mr. Lobyer, my sister was always impressionable, and, I regret to tell you, she has engaged herself to marry a man of whom neither her mother nor I approve. Unfortunately she has passed her twenty-first birthday, is her own mistress; so we cannot coerce her; and as persuasion is useless—for like her brother, Mr. Lobyer, she is somewhat obstinate—the only thing to do is to convince her of her lover's worthlessness."

"He is worthless, then?"

"Oh, utterly, utterly, Mr. Lobyer. He is an ex-convict—has done five years for bigamy, and several shorter terms for more or less serious offences."

I began to feel interested. "And does your sister know what manner of man her betrothed is?"

"Certainly, but he has made her believe in his thorough reformation. He has become a total abstainer, bid good-bye to all his old pals, as he calls them, and joined the Salvation Army—that is, he attends their meetings."

"May I inquire where your sister first met him?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lobyer, certainly. She is, as I told you, impressionable and, I may add, a little flighty. A short time ago she became imbued with a religious craze, and while on an errand of mercy she met this man. They conceived—so she says—a mutual love for one another. I call it an infatuation on her side. I have expostulated, argued, entreated—but without avail. She quotes scripture at me. 'There is more joy,' etc.—you know the text? Now, Mr. Lobyer, I wish you to keep watch on this man, to be with him by day and night to know his incomings and outgoings; never leave him; let me have a minute account of his daily life."

Having given me all necessary particulars and presented me with a goodly cheque, which he left open, so that I might cash it immediately if I thought good, Mr. Valentine Holloway took his departure with a promise to return in a week.

After he gone, I lay back in my chair and gave myself up to the profoundest meditation. My thoughts took this shape: Mr. Holloway does not desire to have this man watched for the reason he alleges. Why, then? That was a knotty point, and I could not decide it. I determined at once that, were his sister really in danger of marrying such a man as he had described her fiance to be, he would not have been so cool about the matter; he would have been excited, eager. As it was, his tone and manner fell little short of the frivolous.

That evening I went myself to watch Miss Holloway's lover, for I was rather curious to see this fascinating gaol-bird, who, despite his black career, had obtained such a hold on the young lady's affections that she was willing to fly in the face of her mother and brother in order to become his wife.

When I saw him I was more than ever certain that Valentine Holloway's story had been concocted to serve some end.

A more miserable-looking, wretched hound of a fellow I never saw in my life. He was an ill-built, under-sized man, with a scrubby red beard and white flabby face. That he had been a great drunkard was evident from his fishy eyes and shaking hands.

He walked in a peculiar, shambling manner that would make him easy to recognize at a great distance. He went, as I had been told he probably would, to a Salvation Army meeting, and then returned home; but not without many a longing glance at the various public-houses he passed. During every evening of the week he followed out the same programme.

On the Saturday I received a telegram from Mr. Holloway, saying he was confined to the house with a bad cold, and was consequently unable to keep his appointment.

Would I go to dine with him on the following day (Sunday), and he would then introduce me to his mother and sister? I am by no means fond of dining out on a Sunday, preferring to spend that day entirely in my own domestic circle, but on this occasion, prompted by curiosity to see Miss Holloway, I wrote accepting the invitation. Mr. Holloway greeted me effusively on my arrival at his house, a pretty ornamental cottage in the Chiswick neighborhood, and we adjourned into the garden for a talk and a smoke.

"The ladies," he said, "have not yet returned from church and chapel, for I don't know what special sect my sister has favored this morning, and we shall have time for a chat before dinner. We always dine early on Sundays—it is one of my sister's fads to do so, and the mother gives in to her in everything. And now, Mr. Lobyer, what have you to tell me."

Briefly and clearly, much to his disappointment, I told him the result of my work.

"Well," he said, "you must try again next week. He's sure to give way to temptation at last when passing a gin-shop. And if only I can once convince my sister that he drinks, she'll give him up, for she is not a most rigid abstainer, and thinks me a lost soul because I indulge occasionally in a glass of wine or ale for dinner. There, I think I hear the ladies coming in. Remember, Mr. Lobyer, you are a friend of mine. I have told my mother nothing."

Mrs. Holloway was a mild, placid-looking woman of about fifty, evidently much wrapped up her son. "How foolish of you, Val, to go into the garden. What a careless boy you are," she said after I had been introduced. "Val is far from strong, Mr. Lobyer, but he will not take care of himself."

"Where's Emily?" asked Val.

"She's upstairs taking off her hat and jacket. She will be down in a few minutes." While Mrs. Holloway was yet speaking, Emily came into the room.

"Emily," said her mother, "this is Mr. Lobyer, a friend of Val's."

I will not attempt to describe the girl. I will simply say she was the most regally magnificent woman I have ever seen. There was not a flaw in the perfect beauty of that face, not a defect in the splendid symmetry of that figure. This woman marry that wretched abortion of a man? Never! There was some deep mystery here.

During the progress of the meal the ladies were very chatty and pleasant, and entertained me with anecdotes relating to their travels in Australia, a country of which they were apparently very fond. Mr. Holloway, however, was moody and taciturn. He told me afterwards he was planning how to rupture his sister's engagement, if I failed to establish anything against him to whom she was bound.

When the ladies left us to our wine and cigars I could not help congratulating Val Holloway on his sister's appearance. He seemed much pleased.

"And to think," he said, "that she, who might have picked and chosen almost anywhere, should be bent on marrying such a man as Smedley."

"She never shall if I can prevent it," I returned warmly.

"Bravo!" cried Holloway. "I like to hear you say that."

Well, the watching Smedley went on for three or four weeks longer, but he was really either a reformed character or a great hypocrite. We could prove nothing against him.

One day Mr. Holloway came to me and said, "Emily tells me Smedley is very ill and has asked me to go to see him. It's no use standing out any longer, so I shall go this evening. I should like you to accompany me if you will, for I shall feel nervous."

Accordingly I met him outside Smedley's lodgings at 7 P. M. and we went upstairs together to see the sick man. He certainly looked very ill. The chalky skin and dull eyes were far from a pleasant sight.

The man seemed to me to be dying. We stayed three or four hours, the invalid begging us not to go. When we left I bade Mr. Holloway good-night and went straight home.

The next morning, while I was still at my breakfast, a telegraph arrived from Mr. Holloway; "Come at once," he had wired. "Most serious complication." I hurriedly finished my meal, and set off for Waterloo Station in the swiftest hansom to be procured.

Having reached it, and discovered that I had only a few minutes to wait for a train to Chiswick, I went to the bookstall to buy a morning paper. Then, ensconcing myself in a third-class compartment, I prepared for briefly scanning the news of the day. The first announcement my eye caught was sufficiently startling:

GREAT BANK ROBBERY LAST EVENING.

And then followed a long account of one of the most daring and successful robberies of modern times. I had only just finished reading it when the train stopped at Chiswick, and I had to alight. Much to my surprise, Mr. Holloway was on the platform awaiting my arrival.

"I thought you might come by this train," he said excitedly, "though I was half afraid you would not have received my telegram in time to catch it. I'm more than pleased to see you here, for you and I are the only people in the world who can get poor Smedley out of trouble. Upon my word, it's rough on the fellow, You know I don't like him, Mr. Lobyer, but hang it all! I shall grow quite attached to the man if he is to be treated in this way; for I do, unwilling enough, believe that he has really turned over a new leaf and is trying to lead a better life."

Mr. Holloway said this hurriedly, breathlessly, as if he had not a second to spare.

"I wish you would explain yourself," I said, "I have not the least notion what you are talking about."

By this time we had left the station behind us and were walking down the high road towards Mr. Holloway's house.

"Have you seen a paper this morning?" he abruptly asked. "Ah! yes, you have," and he snatched mine out of my hand.

I began to think my companion was not quite sane, and as he remained silent, apparently deeply enthralled by the contents of the paper, I walked alongside him, waiting for him to speak.

Miss Holloway, tears coursing down her beautiful face, met us at the gate of her home. Palpably she was much distressed. "You can save him, can you not, Mr. Lobyer?" she asked in great agitation, clasping my hand and looking at me with a world of entreaty in her eyes."

"My dear young lady," I replied, "tell me what is the matter, and I will do my best."

And then Mrs. Holloway, whose calmness contrasted singularly with her children's perturbation, told me in a few words why I had been so suddenly summoned, viz, because Smedley had been arrested on the evidence of a police officer, to whom he was well known, for being concerned in the great bank robbery of which I had been reading. The policeman, it appeared, asserted that he saw him escaping over a wall in the rear of the building.

"Now, Mr. Lobyer," said Mrs. Holloway, "My son tells me that you and he were with Mr. Smedley last evening till very late, in which case you will have no difficulty in assisting Val to prove an alibi."

I do not know, why, but that word alibi set me thinking, and the result of my cogitation was that it gradually began to dawn upon me that Mr. Valentine Holloway was a very clever young man, and that he had made a desperate fool of me. The thought was not elating—it was very galling.

Something of what was passing through my mind must have showed itself on my face, for Mrs. Holloway said anxiously, "You will help us, for Emily's sake, will you not, Mr. Lobyer? Emily, come here, child, and speak to Mr. Lobyer yourself."

"I am sure, mamma, that Mr. Lobyer will render us every assistance in his power," the girl said, gazing at me with her tearful, pleading eyes, "for is he not Val's friend? You will, won't you, dear Mr. Lobyer?"

I remained silent.

At this moment Valentine Holloway, who hitherto had not spoken, strode towards me, and, laying his hand heavily my arm, said, in a voice I hardly recognized, so different was it from his usually mellifluous tones:

"I see it is no use trying to deceive you any longer; you have guessed the truth, or something very like it—you know now what we are. I wonder you did not suspect us sooner. But never mind that. What I want to say is this: we have staked our all on this coup. If everything goes as we wish—and it would have done had not my mother unfortunately made use of the word alibi—we shall be richer than we ever dreamt of—will reward you handsomely for your trouble. Betray us, and we are ruined. Speak the truth and prove the alibi and you shall be rich for life. We don't desire you to sully your conscience with even the suspicion of a lie. You know Smedley never left his room last evening. We simply ask you to swear as much in a court of law."

"I will certainly swear that Mr. Smedley was not out of his room between the hours of seven and ten," I replied, "because I know it to be the truth; but——"

"No 'buts,' if you please, Mr. Lobyer," interrupted Valentine Holloway, while his face underwent a change it was not pleasant to see. "Name your price, man, and you shall have it."

I mentioned a large sum.

"I shall be yours, Mr. Lobyer; it shall be yours," he returned, nonchalantly, in his old light-hearted debonair manner, "and more than that. Pooh! it's a mere bagatelle. Emily, my pet," he went on, "should you like a run to town this morning? Yes? Well, go and put on your hat and jacket. We'll wait here."

While the girl was gone, Holloway said: "You know M. and G., the solicitors," mentioning a firm of very high standing; "they are my lawyers. We will go there at once, and I will give them instructions in your presence about the money."

The next day I easily cleared Smedley from the charge under which he lay, received more than an ample reward, and parted with the Holloways (as I thought) for ever.

Two years passed swiftly away—two years, during which which I worked hard and devoted myself to the pleasant task of money-making.

At the end of that time I began to feel I needed a holiday. I had prospered on Valentine Holloway's money—prospered far beyond my highest expectations, and was now the chief of a large and steadily-increasing business.

And yet I was not happy, for I felt I had gained the money on which the ground-work of my success had been reared dishonestly, though I had received it for speaking the truth.

That Valentine Holloway knew something about robbery of the bank I could not doubt, nor could I hesitate to believe that I had been set to watch Smedley, so that I might know him well and be able to swear to him positively.

I could not see how I had assisted the thieves in any way, but I certainly had, or they would not have been so eager to remunerate me for my services.

I was musing over the matter one afternoon in late July, when one of my clerks brought me in a letter which just come by post. It was from Spain.

That did not surprise me in the least, for I have more than one correspondent in that country. The writing was quite unfamiliar to me and I tore open the envelope carelessly enough.

"Dear Mr. Lobyer," ran the letter. I looked then at the signature—Emily Holloway. "Dear Mr. Lobyer," she had written, "Val begs me to tell you that we have lately taken a charming villa in this neighborhood, where we intend to make a long stay, and to assure you that if at any time you care to run over to spend a few weeks with us, he will be more than delighted. I am sure I need not add how heartily I echo his invitation, for I have a good memory, and I can never forget how kind you were to us in our great trouble. With kindest regards."

I wrote back at once, saying I was in need of a change, and how glad I should be if they could put me up for a fortnight or so. And some days later I was again standing face to face with Valentine Holloway, his hand grasped in mine in cordial welcome.

He was not a bit altered, did not look one hour older than when we had parted. As we drove towards his home, he said: "There are some surprises in store for

you, Mr. Lobyer, but wait till after dinner and much that must have seemed mysterious to you shall be made clear.

You guessed, I know, that there was something queer about us, but I'm sure you could never have imagined why it was necessary for us to engage your services." Mrs. Holloway and Emily were standing on the steps to receive us, the elder lady stately, placid, as of yore, the girl even more beautiful, if that were possible.

Val sprang lightly out of the carriage, and I followed in a more dignified manner as befitted my years.

"Charmed to see you again, Mr. Lobyer," said Mrs. Holloway, in her quiet manner, and then, turning to Emily, "Allow me to introduce you to my daughter in-law, Mrs. Valentine Holloway."

The lovely creature held out her hand and smiled at me, and somehow I was not so surprised as I ought to have been.

"Yes," chimed in her husband, "Emily and I have been man and wife these three years past."

"Val dear, dinner is waiting, and I'm sure Mr. Lobyer must be hungry; take him up to his room. We can talk afterward."

"Come on, old man," he said familiarly, taking my arm; "you see, although we prefer to live in Spain," and he gave a mischievous wink, "we have a great reverence for good old English customs, particularly a substantial English dinner."

On entering the dining-room a few minutes later with Val—for the Holloways were not people who stood on ceremony—where the ladies were already waiting, I found another addition to the party in the person of a gentleman whom my host introduced to me as "my brother Dick." I could barely believe my eyesight.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "I have met this gentleman before!"

"Never, never, Mr. Lobyer," cried Val Holloway, laughing merrily; "but you see the likeness, don't you?"

"The likeness?" I said; "there can be no mistake; it must be Smedley."

"I tell you it's my brother Dick," returned my friend. "Dick, old fellow, you're my brother, aren't you?"

"I believe so," replied Smedley's double; "but come, Val, the ladies are waiting. Let us have dinner."

It was a pleasant meal, for we were all in good spirits; and lively chatter was the order of the hour. I already was a different man from the one who had left London a few days previously, and the bright conversation and animated looks of my friends made me feel quite young again, and I soon found myself laughing more heartily than I had done for years.

"And did you really believe Val, when he told you I was in love with Smedley?" Emily Holloway asked. "Is it possible, Mr. Lobyer, that you could be so foolish?"

"Well," I admitted, "I always had my doubts about that part of the story, but I was far from suspecting the truth. Indeed, I am not at all sure that I know it now."

"You have some idea, though, that you are hobnobbing at the present moment with a desperate gang of villians whom the English police would be very glad to get hold of, have you not?" inquired Val with a pleasant laugh. "Do you know, Mr. Lobyer, that on the morning after poor Smedley's arrest—that morning you came to me at Chiswick in answer to my telegram—you ran a very near chance of seeing your wife and children again?"

"Don't say such horrid things, Val," Mrs. Holloway interpolated, with a serious air; "however true they may be, they are not pleasant."

"Yes," continued her son, paying little heed to the interruption, "had you finally hesitated to help poor Smedley that morning, I should have shot you dead. You would have been dangerous; you knew too much. It would not have been safe for me to let you go except as a friend."

"You make my blood run cold," I answered, and I spoke the truth.

It was, indeed, a strange sensation that crept through me, as I listened to this remarkable young man openly declare how he had once come very near the point of murdering me in cold blood.

He sat precisely facing me, jolly, charming of manner, fascinating; and, evidently amused by my horrified looks, went on to tell me the whole history of the "Great Bank Robbery."

Meanwhile, his wife and mother kept gazing at him continually with glances charged with love and admiration. Even the taciturn Dick seemed to be under a kind of glamor, which Val Holloway threw, apparently, over all who came in contact with him.

"You must know, Mr. Lobyer," he said, "that Smedley and I first met in a railway carriage, and I was straightway struck by his great resemblance to my dear brother. Now, at that period of our lives my brother and I were hard-working City clerks; and I had for a long time been pondering in my mind how I could improve my position and likewise decrease, or, if possible, entirely do away with, the necessity for daily toil. I felt, and justly, I think, that I had been born for something loftier than the drudgery and routine of a merchant's office."

"For burglary, for instance," suggested Dick grimly.

"Well, Smedley and I being the only people in the compartment, we naturally fell into conversation. He was in a very low way, poor fellow, almost starving, he said, and it did not require a doctor's practised eye to see that his race was nearly run. 'Drink, sir,' he told me, 'has been my ruin. I used to be a respectable, hard-working man at one time, but I let the cursed drink get the better of me, and you see the result. I am a houseless, homeless vagabond, without a friend in the world—for my evil ways broke my wife's heart, and she pined away and died—a miserable, penniless wretch, who must die the death of a dog uncared for and unregretted. But I dared not complain, for I have only myself to thank for my present position. You see'—and though we were alone, he lowered his voice to a whisper—'drink let me into crime, and crime is the highway to prison, and—God forgive me for it!—I am better known to the police than almost any man in the country."

"I am deeply interested in what he said, for, despite the fact that he called himself a working man, or rather acknowledged that he had been such, I was quite convinced from his manner and mode of speaking that he had really occupied a far higher position on the social ladder.

"'Where are you living now?' I asked. 'Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, and he really seemed grateful—but am I boring you, Mr. Lobyer?"

"Pray go on," I said; "I am anxious to hear the end of the story."

"Well, he gave me his address, not forgetting at the same time to tell me he was out on ticket-of-leave; and when we parted I pressed half-a-sovereign into his hand—I was always foolishly generous, Mr. Lobyer—and promised to help him in the future.

"I am not particularly brilliant, Mr. Lobyer. I lay no claim to cleverness, but I confess, it did strike me that I might turn to my own advantage in some way the great similarity between my brother Dick and the the ex-convict. I had no clear idea in my head, but a kind of hazy notion that there was something to be made out of it.

"A few days later I obtained a week's leave of absence from the office on the ground of ill-health, and I never returned to my work again.

"Calling the same afternoon at the address received from my convict acquaintance, I found to my exceeding gladness that the Salvationists had got hold of him, and he was then attending one of their meetings.

"I waited till he came back, when I shook him cordially by the hand, told him how pleased I was to hear he had been converted, and that I, though not a religious man in the ordinary usage of the word, liked to do good in my own quiet way. 'My dear friend,' I said, 'the story you told me the other day has aroused my pity, and that of my sister also, to whom I told it, and we have determined, if you will abjure the drink, to help you to spend your last days in comfort. You know you have not long to live. Do, I beseech you, promise me not to touch another drop of the poison'—another glass of sherry, Mr. Lobyer? That's right, help yourself—'that has been your ruin.' And while I thus urged him, I thought to myself, 'Val Holloway, you have mistaken your calling; you ought to have been a preacher."

"It is needless to say that Smedley accepted my offer with joy and gladness, showering down words of blessing on me, and weeping copiously—a way people have, I notice, who go in for gin-and-water and kindred liquids.

"On leaving Smedley I went to see a certain young bank clerk of my acquaintance—a frank, agreeable fellow, much addicted to theatre frequenting.

"On my way I purchased two tickets for a well-known house of burlesque. He was delightful to see me, for I am an universal favorite, Mr. Lobyer, and I had no difficulty in persuading him to accompany me for an an evening's entertainment.

"We occupied two stalls, and before the second act was over I knew all I wanted, without having asked him a single question. Without being smart, I am somewhat adroit.

"In the evening brother Dick and I discussed our plans, with the result that I called on you next day. The rest you know: a certain bank was burgled, and Smedley—would have again gone into durance vile had it not been for my forethought, Mr. Lobyer, I need say no more. Let us drink the health of brother Dick. We are rogues, undoubtedly, but we are not bad fellows for all that. Now, tell me, Mr. Lobyer, do you blame us so very much after all?"

What could I say? My guilt was perhaps a tithe less great than theirs, but I was far from innocent in the matter. Nevertheless, I did not feel happy in their company, and I was glad when my fortnight's visit was at an end—glad to leave them in the full enjoyment of their ill-gotten wealth—glad to return to my home.

Val Holloway was a splendid friend, but his friendship brought me nothing but misery—gilded, it is true; for, unlike him, I had a conscience.

"Saucy Eyes."

BY T. L. B.

SHE came smiling across the fields, her arms laden with hawthorn bloom. Harold Carleton as he saw her thought her the very incarnation of Spring, she was so young, so fresh, so full of exuberant vitality. Yet she was only a cottager's daughter apparently, for her dress though neat was cheap. She glanced up at him as she passed with her great, eloquent eyes half shyly, half mischievously.

Harold was fresh from Cambridge, and at eighteen thought himself quite in another sphere, even in point of age, from the rustic of thirteen. He was disposed to be patronizing.

"What's the hurry, little saucy eyes?" he said. "Stop and give a fellow a kiss."

"My name isn't Saucy Eyes, and you know it. Gentleman," and she emphasized the word, "when they speak to me call me Miss Kent."

She had stopped for a moment to say this, and she now walked on with head erect and the air of a born princess.

"Whew," whistled Harold, "but I have made a mess of it. No cottager's daughter has an accent like that. Who the deuce can she be? A regular little spit-fire though."

He ventured to ask the landlord about her at the small inn where he lodged. He had come to this picturesque, hilly region on a trout-fishing excursion, and knew no one there.

"Oh! that's the minister's daughter," was the reply. "Had her arms full of hawthorn you say? Yes, there's plenty of it about here; one of the few places there is. We've miles of hedges. Miss Katie was taking the blossom home to deck out the parlor. She's a rare one for flowers. You should see her decorate the church at Christmas. All the young ladies give way to her in that, though she is but a child as yet."

"If she grows up as pretty as she is now she'll make many a fellow's heart ache," said Harold, philosophically, as he helped himself to another brook-trout, and in five minutes more so excellent was the dinner he had forgotten all about the child.

Years passed. Harold had taken his degree and was now studying law, the profession of his father, Hugh Carleton, and his grandfather before him. Just before the summer vacation began he had a letter from home.

"We shall certainly expect you, dear," his mother wrote, "this year, and will take no excuses. It has been two years since you were home remember. We have had such an accession too to our society. Our new rector is a most excellent man, and has such a charming daughter, a very pretty girl, and so bright, intelligent, and high-bred."

Now Harold, who had gone the summer before to France and Germany, had thought this year of going to Norway—had almost given his promise in fact; but at this appeal he wrote back that he would come home and spend the whole vacation at "Inglewood," for that was the name of Hugh Carleton's place.

"Dear mamma, it was so hard on her last year," he said to himself.

The very day that Harold came home the rector went away on a four weeks' visit with his wife, and the last words he said to his daughter as he got into the carriage were:

"Good bye, Katie, and don't forget to go up to Squire Carleton's and ask to have the gardener to come to see to the garden. The squire told me to send for him only yesterday. With his aid we can manage to keep the garden very nice."

"I suppose I might as well go at once," said Kate, when the carriage had disappeared. "Dear old papa, I am sorry you and ma have gone; but I'm going to have lots of fun with nobody but old Nannie to look after me," and her eyes fairly danced with the mischief of eighteen.

Harold Carleton himself was in the garden when Katie came in. He had arrived unexpectedly the night before, a week sooner than he had expected. He was fond of a little amateur gardening at times, and was just now bending over a moss-rose bush, hoe in hand. His back was towards Katie, and she, supposing him to be the gardener, called out:

"Oh, Adam, that's your name I hear, please ask Mr. Carleton if he can spare you for a couple of hours this afternoon. It's Dr. Kent's, you know, at the rectory."

Harold glanced mischievously at the pretty face half hidden by the tall lilies, which she had stooped to smell as she was speaking. Here was a chance for some sport. Katie had never probably seen the new gardener, who had only come two days before. Why could not he personate the old fellow? It was fortunate for him that he had an old coat on, he thought.

So, calling Adam, he took the old man into the plot, giving him a crown for hush money; and in the afternoon made his appearance at the rectory, and knocking at the back door, asked for orders.

"Oh, Adam, is it you?" cried Katie, coming forward. "Let me show you your work. I'll put on my garden hat and be out in a minute."

Harold presented rather a curious appearance as he followed Katie down the long walk. His usually elegant attire had been exchanged for a jacket and trousers of coarse jean; and his dark, curling hair was covered by a red wig, similar in color to Adam's fiery locks. He had assumed the same shuffling, awkward gait also.

"Here is your work, Adam," said Katie; "tie up the roses, and then weed this bed of hyacinths, train this westeria, and if you have any more time come to me for further orders."

Harold bowed awkwardly, while a mischievous gleam shot from the brown eyes as he proceeded to tie up the wayward roses.

"This is getting interesting," he observed. "I wonder what my next order will be? By George, but Miss Kate queens it well. What a perfect little beauty she is. Whew, how hot it is."

He wiped the perspiration from his heated brow.

"I begin to understand how the original Adam must have felt when commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. There, the westeria is tied up. Faith, mum," he said, as Kate re-appeared, "I was jist comin' to see whatever else there was to be did."

"How nice you've made things look," cried Katie, as she glanced at the roses and westeria. "But it's warm work, isn't it? Adam's your name, I believe. I am glad," affably, "to make your acquaintance, Adam."

"Faith, mum, but it is that same as you say," replied Adam, drawing his straw hat further down over his eyes, still further to hide his face.

"Well, Adam, train up this hedge and then you may go," she answered, and swept away.

Several days went by. The pretended Adam never failed to be on hand in the afternoon. But in the morning Harold Carleton, in his own proper person, had fishing, boating, and picnic excursions, most of which Katie attended, for by this time the squire's wife had called, bringing her son, and of course, after that, Katie was included in everything that went on.

Katie too learned to like Harold Carleton very much, for no one more genial and whole soled ever existed. He was generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted as the day, and had outgrown the conceit and coxcombry of his youth.

One morning when Katie went into the garden unexpectedly, she found Adam fanning himself with his straw hat, which was usually drawn so closely over his eyes, and she caught a quick glance that

reminded her of Harold. But it was only for a moment.

He had not seen her, nor did he see her, when she quietly seated herself in a vine-covered summer-house, and took out some pretty, graceful work with which she soon became quite absorbed.

The long, drowsy afternoon was wearing away. Nothing but the twinkle of the little brook back of the rectory, the sound of the scythe which Adam was wielding, the murmur of the bees broke the silence of the place. Suddenly Katie's ear was arrested by a clear, manly voice singing a bar from a favorite opera, in a rich, ringing tenor.

She started to her feet and looked out. Only last evening she had sung, with Harold Carleton, that very song, and this surely was his voice. But no one was in sight except Harold, who was industriously hoeing peas. The truth was, Harold, ignorant of Kate's presence, had forgotten himself; but he was now furious at his indiscretion, for he had heard Katie and knew what called her out.

"Adam, has Mr. Carleton been here?" she asked. "I thought I heard him just now."

"No, mum, it's not yet that I didn't say him," said the apparently stolid Irishman.

"I was sure it was his voice," said Kate, looking just a trifle disappointed.

He would cross-examine Katie a little and thus discover her real feeling toward himself. So he asked, carelessly, though his whole heart was in her answer:

"Did yees wish to say him, miss? For it's meesilf as will be afther finding the likes of him to yees."

"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop talking and go to work. I am afraid you are getting lazy," and Katie walked off with her most queenly step.

"Whew," whistled Harold. "She's too bright to be caught in that way. Thinks Adam will tell on her. Getting lazy, am I? Well, it ain't because I don't work hard enough," with a doleful gaze at his blistered hands, as he set vigorously to work, adding, "Even as Adam, I must win the good opinion of my Eve."

The next afternoon Katie went to call on a friend, and Harold discontentedly watched her departure. It was so pleasant to know that she was in the summer-house or about the grounds that he did not like her to go away.

He did not notice her return nor that she came to the arbor soon after. But when he had finished his last order he threw himself down on a mossy seat, and, tossing his wig off, began fanning himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"I can't wear that confounded wig any longer," he exclaimed. "Its color even is enough set me on fire. Now this is refreshing. Beppo, you scamp, bring back that wig. What if your mistress should come? Whew, must I chase after that dog this scorching day."

Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with the wig, as the reader has conjectured, and, on chase being given to him, rushed to the summer-house and laid the wig at his mistress' feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there?" she cried. "It looks like the scalp of old Adam. I wonder if——"

And she broke into a fit of ringing laughter as she met the astonished Harold face to face.

"Mr. Carleton!"

"Miss Katie!"

Then, unable to resist it, he also broke into a hearty laugh.

"Oh! so you're not Adam," said Katie, demurely, at last.

"No, but I will be if you'll only be my Eve," he cried, with a touch of his old boyish impudence. "Oh! Katie, Miss Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so dearly—say you will. We'll make another paradise where we can be happy together, and I shan't be obliged to work so hard," breaking into laughter as he saw Katie's roguish look, and wiping his dripping forehead.

"Very well," said Katie. "I'll think of it. But you must remember that it was not a woman who made trouble in the garden this time." And she added, archly, "But I'll forgive you for deceiving me if you will forgive me for—for——"

"For what?" asked Harold, as she hesitated.

"For not letting you know before that I guessed your secret. I knew from the beginning that you were not Adam. That first day when I pretended to be smelling the lilies I had seen you were, at least, not a gardener."

"And you let me work all this time? And it so hot," with a crestfallen look.

"Yes. You deserved it for your trick. But I am glad you can work and obey orders. You may have to do so some time, you know."

"Every man has, they say, when he falls in love," he retorted.

"Yes," she said, saucily. "And you mustn't hope to be an exception. But there, there, isn't that quite enough?" For he was devouring her with kisses. "I declare you're as impudent as you were five years ago!"

"Five years ago!"

"Yes. Oh! you've forgotten. Men always do. It is only women who remember."

"What do you mean?"

Her eyes dance with mischief. She was enjoying his perplexity to the full.

"Well, I'll tell you a fairy tale. Once on a time—there, stop now, or I'll never get on—there was a little girl coming across a field with her arms full of hawthorn bloom."

He gave a quick start. Katie went on demurely.

"And she met an impudent young fellow, a collegian, who thought himself a prince but wasn't. And he called her 'saucy eyes,' the conceited——"

"What! You're 'saucy eyes,' are you? Oh! I remember it all. Who'd have thought it? Why, it's the jolliest fairy-tale I ever heard. Only then she wouldn't let me kiss her, and now——"

"Now somebody will get his ears boxed if he doesn't behave himself. One must draw the line somewhere, and half a hundred, surely——"

"Well, since you are so cruel. But when did you first recognize me?"

"That first day I saw you, at leisure, the day you called with your mother."

"And," said Harold, reflectively, "there was always something in your face I thought familiar. Yes, after all you are Saucy Eyes."

The Scientific Method.—The method of beginning to teach science with ultimate undecomposable elements, and "building up" step by step, with complete sequences and fine inferences, exhibits one phase of science work, especially that done in scientific schools by adult students. In the case of many teachers it seems to furnish all the fascinations and advantages of a thoroughly logical method, and to be in perfect consonance with the educational principle, "From the known to the unknown;" but there seems to be some unreasonable bias or ignorance of facts in the interpretation of the principle as applicable to children. This interpretation is apparently based on the assumption that the known is simple rather than complex, is in parts rather than in wholes, and that the child's knowledge must of necessity be built up constructively or synthetically. There is some truth in this interpretation, but, followed out with children as far as we too often see it, it involves difficulties and errors of considerable magnitude. In this case, as in others, excessive generalization is dangerous.

Children's natural sequences are from wholes to parts, from the complex to the simple, from the superficial to what lies underneath, from the indefinitely known to the more definitely known, and the mental processes involved are analytical, especially in the early part of their school days. In this case, also, excessive generalization is dangerous. Undoubtedly, children acquire some knowledge synthetically, and as they approach adult life their powers of analysis and synthesis are increased by more frequent use, and no system or method that is excessive in either direction can be rightfully call scientific.

Simple Division.—A manufacturer, pretty well to do in the world now, was, some twenty years ago, a poor boy in a merchant's counting-house. One of the most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money. In the course of time, he was of age, and thought it was about time to get married. He went to a neighboring town, and was introduced to the daughter of a well-to-do tradesman.

"Fine girls," said the embryo manufacturer to his friends, who had been the means of introduction to the lady.

"Very," was the reply.

"How much might Mr. R—— be worth?" he asked.

"About ten thousand," was the reply.

"And how many children has he got?" continued our hero.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally ciphered the young man.

Here was a chance, and he improved it, too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the tradesman and all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cur as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married. The honeymoon passed off as all honeymoons do, and they were happy.

The bride was lively and chatty, and made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at so many names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said, "My dear, I thought there were but three of you."

"So there are," replied the fair one, "but pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, no times and none over," said the astonished benedict, who had jumped up and kicked over a chair, and groaned in perfect agony, "I'm sold!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Three expositions are to be held in Europe in 1894, more or less international in their character. At Lyons will be held a great show of silks, velvets, ribbons, etc., and all the varied and beautiful products of the silk worm and the loom. At Madrid will be held an exhibition of Spanish arts and industries. At Antwerp, in Belgium, however, will be held the only international exhibition of the year.

The Abbe Faure, who died recently, has left behind him some interesting reminiscences of his experiences of criminals condemned to death at La Roquette Prison, where he was for many years chaplain. His method of ingratiating himself with criminals in order to try and get them to accept his religious ministrations was to begin by offering them tobacco, and to go with a pack of cards and offer to play a quiet little game of piquet with them.

The Columbian bell that sounded its prophetic note at the opening of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition is to be taken to Jerusalem to sound a note of praise at the close of the Nineteenth Century of the Christian era. The unique proposition is made that the bell shall be taken to the Holy Land and on Christmas Eve, 1899, connected by cable and wire with all parts of Christendom, so that the 1900th anniversary of the birth of Christ shall be celebrated by all the world at the same instant.

Diamonds occur in the United States in two regions. One extends along the southern base of the Alleghany Mountains from Virginia to Georgia; the other on the western side of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges in northern California and southern Oregon. The mineralogical conditions in these two remote regions are very similar, and the discoveries made in them are much alike. The formations in the diamond bearing localities of the United States are very like those of Brazil and India, and very unlike those of South Africa, where the great diamond fields of the world lie.

A couple living near New London, Conn., were recently married without the sanctity of a marriage ceremony. A dominie met the couple one day on the road face to face and stopped to talk with them. "Why don't you get married according to law?" he asked. "Now," said he, turning to the woman, "you are willing to take this man for your husband?" "Yes," she replied. "And you are willing to take this woman for your wife?" turning to the man, who unsuspiciously said "Yes." "Then," said he, "by the authority vested in me by the State of Connecticut, I pronounce you man and wife."

John Barnes, colored, cook in the Augusta, Ga., jail, owes the city over six years' time, in police court sentences, for intoxication. He has been cook in the prison for five years, and is allowed to go out every Saturday night, invariably getting intoxicated and being resentenced before his former one is served. Thus it is that his time has accumulated. Forty-eight hours is the longest that he has been out of jail in the last few years, and when sentenced is given his own commitment, and goes directly to jail without guard of any kind. He has never failed to go directly and turn himself over to the jailer.

"Europe is a-tremble," remarks the London Pall Mall Gazette. "The nations hold their breath. Wars of succession and the more recent interchange of dynamite amenities are all forgotten before the common, overwhelming danger. For the dread republic of Andorra, which lies upon the border of the two great neighboring nations of Spain and France, has bought a gun, and the first time the gun is fired one of the two great neighboring nations will be hit. It is a Krupp gun, carrying twenty miles, and the territory of Andorra is but seven miles in extent. Hence the watchful eye of diplomacy closes not in sleep, and ceaseless prayers go up that the charge may be a blank one or that some intervening Pyrenee may stop the shot and so avert an international disaster."

The Bank of England is watched nightly by a guard of about 50 men from the Household troops, under the command of an officer, who usually march from Wellington or St. George's barracks. They patrol the spacious quadrangles of the bank and do sentry duty over allotted spaces till the morning, when they are relieved on the arrival of some members of the bank's staff. The officer in command is allowed dinner for himself and a friend, including the provision of a bottle of the bank's special old port. The men are also supplied with the needful refection. Besides this military guard, two clerks remain on duty all night at the bank, as well as all day on Sunday, and these "watch clerks" must not go to sleep. Their duty is to move about from building to building inspecting the various rooms, to see that all goes well. Several of the higher officials also sleep on the premises, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice.

Gigantic Leaves.—What trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm, of the banks of the Amazons, the leaves of which are no less than 50 feet in length by 10 to 12 in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of 20 feet and the remarkable width of 16. The natives use them for making tents. Afterwards comes the cocoanut palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about 30 feet. The umbrella magnolia of Ceylon bears leaves that are so large that a single one may some times serve as a shelter for 15 or 20 persons. One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly 36 feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions is a temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 305 pounds.

Ingenious.—A story is told of a Prague printer who got himself out of a very disagreeable dilemma by the use of his native ingenuity. He was once called upon to print a report of the Board of Trade of his native city in the two languages of the country, German and Czech, and the representatives of either nationality strenuously desired that their tongue should occupy the first of the parallel columns on each page. The wary printer got out of his dilemma by turning one column upside down throughout the book, and arranging the titles accordingly, so that each language had a front column on every page."

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

KATIE AND THE CROCODILE.

BY A. PITT.

"KATIE," said Mrs. Lambert, as she put her head out of the sitting-room window, "I am going out for an hour. You may play in the garden till I come back, but do not go outside the gate on any account."

"Very well, mother," answered Katie. "I haven't any time to go out, though; my dollies are dreadfully troublesome today."

The dollies—by name, Jane and Jemima—were lying on their backs, gazing up at the sky.

Katie picked them up with a little shake, and set them bolt upright against the wall.

"There, that is the third time you have gone and tumbled down as soon as I left you," she said severely. "The next time I shall put you to bed in disgrace.

Mrs. Lambert shut down the window, and presently Katie heard the front door close behind her.

Do what she might, those dollies would learn limply over either to one side or the other, and Katie lost patience at last, and put them both to bed on the roof of the wood-shed.

"I am sorry for 'you," she told them, "but it's no use saying a thing and then not doing it. I really can't be troubled with you any longer. There is Peggy Johnson in the lane; I am going to talk to her instead."

Peggy was the gardener's little girl—she had only one doll to look after, and this she was now taking for a walk up and down the lane.

Katie stood on a big flower-pot beside the wall, and began to tell her about Jane's and Jemima's misdoings.

Peggy did not pay much attention: she was watching some big yellow wagons far away down the road.

"I'm sure that's it," she cried, impolitely breaking into the middle of Katie's story. "Father said I'd see it if I looked this morning; and I've been looking ever since breakfast."

"But what is it?" asked Katie, not at all understanding what Peggy was talking about.

"Why, the wild beast show. Didn't you know it was coming? There's elephants, and camels, and the loveliest crocodile! Kathleen said so."

Katie looked where Peggy pointed, and stared at the distant wagons with all her might. She was very fond of crocodiles, and she had never seen one in all her life. There was a picture of one on the nursery wall; but what was that compared with a real live one—able to bite a man's leg off at one mouthful?

"Oh, Peggy! I would like to see the crocodile," she cried.

"Well, come quick, and we'll run down the lane and see it go past. Mother said I might."

"I can't. I promised mother I wouldn't go outside the gate till she came back."

"But that will be too late. Come now, and ask her afterwards. She won't be very cross."

But Katie could not quite make up her mind to do that. Oh, if only mother had not gone out, so that she could have run in, and asked her now! Long before she came back the wagons would be out of sight, and the chance over.

Katie was almost in tears at the thought: such a beautiful opportunity to be lost just because of one tiresome little promise. Peggy was a whole year younger; but her mother never kept her shut up in the garden. It was too bad.

"Peggy," she said suddenly, "mother said I wasn't to go outside the gate; she didn't say anything about the wall. I could climb over quite easy, and then if she asked me, I could say I hadn't been near the gate."

"Be quick, or it'll be all gone!" implored Peggy.

Katie hurriedly scrambled over, with the help of the flower pot. She grazed her elbow on the rough stone, and Katie did not like grazes; but she scarcely noticed this one in her excitement. Her hat was left behind on the roof of the wood-shed, but time was too precious to be wasted in going for it.

Hand in hand, she and Peggy scampered down the lane, and climbed up the bank at the side of the road, ready to view the procession.

Five minutes went by—and five minutes is a very long time indeed when one is waiting for crocodiles.

Presently Katie gave a cry of disappointment.

"Oh, Peggy! I do believe they're not going to come this way; they're turning down the old coach road. We shall not see them at all."

"It's all your fault, Katie. You would not come quicker."

"I came so quick I didn't even put my hat on," retorted Katie, with some indignation; "and they wouldn't go a different road just for that. We'll go down the road to that. If you run, perhaps we may see a bit of it yet."

Peggy did run, as fast as her little legs would carry her, but the horses and camels walked a good deal faster. The pair reached the corner in time to see the back of the last yellow van vanish behind the hedge.

There was a crowd of rough dirty lads following after, and the two little wanderers got pushed and jostled off the footpath.

"Go home to your mammy!" shouted one lad, and pouncing on Peggy's dolly, he twirled it round by one leg, and sent it flying through the air along the road they had come.

What else could they do? Camels and crocodiles were forgotten in their fright; and they picked up the ill-used dolly, and pattered home.

At the end of the lane they ran full tilt against a lady who was also turning into it.

"Take care, my dears," she said, stopping to look down at the dishevelled little objects. "Why, Katie, whatever are you doing here?"

"Oh, mother! we wanted to see the wild beasts go past; and we hurried and hurried like anything, and we haven't seen a single one."

"But, Katie, I told you not to go outside the garden gate, and you promised."

"But I never went near the gate, mother. I got over the wall on purpose—Peggy saw me."

"Very well, Katie. I shall know how to trust you another time; but if you had obeyed me you would have seen the whole menagerie this afternoon. I intended to take you, and went down to make inquiries about it."

"Oh, mother! I'll never even look over the wall another time. We haven't seen a thing, and we walked and walked till I'm tired all over."

"No use, Katie; I cannot take you now. You punished your dollies to-day for not obeying you, and you yourself must learn to obey. You might both have been seriously hurt, so far from home alone. Run in to your mother, Peggy, and tell her I am very sorry Katie led you into mischief, as well as herself."

Peggy trotted off, only partly understanding what was wrong, and Mrs. Lambert went into the house, Katie following disconsolately.

"I'd better take Jane and Jemima in with me," she said to herself. "They have been punished long enough. I don't like being punished, and perhaps they don't either."

Poor dollies! For a full hour they had been lying on that tarred roof, staring up at the hot sun, but they would never stare any more. Their faces had melted into a pool of wax, their eyes had fallen from their sockets, and rattled inside their bodies when Katie picked them up.

"Oh, my dollies! my own dear little dollies!" she sobbed. "If I had only done what mother told me, and kept out of mischief!"

There was a great gathering at the menagerie that afternoon. All the children in the neighborhood seemed to be there, but Katie spent the afternoon in the shadiest corner of the garden, where she sadly buried Jane and Jemima, and planted their graves with mustard-and-cress: the only seeds she could beg from Peggy's father.

"It'll be fine and green in a week or two," he told her; "and you just come and take a look at it whenever you want to go and do something as you know you should not, miss."

And that is exactly what Katie does, and the sight of the light green bank has helped her to keep out of mischief more than once already.

Moreover, when the menagerie comes back next year, Mrs. Lambert has promised to take her and Peggy Johnson there together; and so, if the crocodile will only live till then, Katie will be happy at last.

REAL POLITENESS.—Insincerity and cowardice sail most wrongfully under the false colors of kindness and courtesy, while rudeness and bad manners cloak themselves under the specious name of sincerity. The petty lies of society, the flattery used for so many ends, the cowardly evasion of convictions and hiding of thoughts that demand full utterance, the apparent assent when dissent is in the heart, the profession of an esteem which is not felt and an affection which does not exist—all these have nothing to do with real politeness, and have actually not a shallow of right to justify themselves under her name. She does not demand them, and cannot be held responsible for them.

UNBARGAINED FOR.—Two boys one day went into the woods near a farm in Wyoming to gather chestnuts. They came pat upon a bear's cub sitting munching nuts at the foot of a tree.

"Hallo, Pete!" cried one to his friend, "what have we here?"

"Something better than nuts, George, I guess," replied Pete; "we must take the young crittur home."

Now, as the cub couldn't escape the boys it ran up the tree and crawled to the end of a branch. Pete accordingly went up after it, while George spread out beneath the bough a sheet intended to catch nuts. Into this sheet Master Cub was invited to lower itself, but this it firmly refused to do.

"As you please, little stranger, but you will have to budge, you know. Say, George, hand me up that rod."

And so by dint of gently tickling and prodding the cub with the long pole—which had a spike at one end, for spitting nuts—it was at length persuaded to let go its hold of the branch and fall into the sheet.

The moment it was down another sheet was flung over its head, but the little fellow struggled and bit so fiercely that George had to call to his mate for help.

Meanwhile the cub's squeals had reached its mother's ears, and, tearing through the underwood as fast as she could, she would have made short work of poor George, who was struggling with her youngster, had not Pete up the tree spied his friend's danger, and plunged the spiked end of the pole into her as she passed below. This assault from an unseen quarter so alarmed her that she forgot her cub, and turned tail in quite a different direction.

"That was a narrow squeak," remarked Pete to George, who had not yet recovered from the shock of the bear's attack. "However, as the poetry-book says, 'all's well that ends well,' and I vote we make tracks for dinner."

By-and-by the two boys tied the cub's legs together and managed to carry it home, little the worse for its strange adventure.

MAY DAY.—The ancient Romans were wont to go in procession to the grotto of Egeria on May Day. In England this day has been observed immemorially as a rural festival; and high poles, denominated May poles, were in may places profusely decorated with garlands composed in honor of the day. Round these "the bold peasantry, their country's pride," once danced. Gathering flowers on a May morning is called "Maying"—a phrase which will be found in Milton's exquisite poem "Il Penseroso." The celebration of May Day was, moreover, among the number of triumphal shows exhibited by our old English ancestors in London and its environs. It was not only a civic but a royal amusement; kings, queens, and the whole court went "a maying." And one of the prettiest names for a girl is the name of May—which may remind play-goers of "May Edwards" in "The Ticket of Leave Man." Tennyson's little lyric on May morning has already become—in its way—a classic piece in the language.

CROWNING OF PETRARCH.—In 1341, on Easter Sunday, Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome, in the most pompous and magnificent manner. If glory belongs to the talent and endowments of the mind as well as to military prowess, it is but just to adorn the brows of poets as well as the brows of heroes. The laurel tree by its perpetual and beautiful verdure announces immortality, of which it is the unfading type and becoming presage. Petrarch's friends shed tears of joy; and he himself deeply felt the honor conferred on him in the capital of Italy, with the admiring acclamations of the Italian people. Petrarch was not only crowned with laurels, but was tenderly attached to Laura, the most beautiful woman of her age, which gave rise to a neat Latin pun. And, in Childe Harold, Lord Byron mentions Petrarch, in his old age and in his seclusion at Vaucluse (in Provence) as "watering the trees that bear his lady's name."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

An anti-cigarette league is being formed in New York.

Children are taught temperance in every State and Territory but six.

A physician of Oasis, Utah, displays the skull and cross-bones in his advertisement.

A London Court has decided that a bagpipe is not a nuisance, but a musical instrument.

Drummers are said to spend $175,000,000 in railroad traveling in this country every year.

The exportation of French wines to the United States has fallen off considerably in late years.

A Mexican paper announces that there is not an average of one fire a month in the City of Mexico.

The pension list is said to contain the names of several athletes and hunters as totally disabled persons.

A cucumber 18 inches long and 2½ inches in circumference was grown by a Lakelma, Florida, farmer.

A cow belonging to Farmer Jacob Kirk, of Oxford, Pa., recently gave birth to her third pair of calves.

An advertisement in a Chicago paper, describing a lost dog, states that the animal has a gold capped tooth

An English bull's-eye watch, 129 years old, is in the possession of a resident of Marine City, Michigan.

A fire-proof chimney, 50 feet high, has been built of paper in Breslau. It is said to be the only one of the kind.

In Australia a species of ant make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue.

A woman held up two travelers near New Orleans one day lately, and at the point of a pistol secured their valuables.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt C. Thomas, of Galveston, Indiana, have been married for 68 years. Both are nearly 90 years old.

A newsboy in Pittsburg has a bank account of $3000, accumulated entirely on newspaper sales during the last ten years.

A landlord at Whatcom, Washington, diplomatically induced an undesirable tenant to move by taking the roof off the house.

Four facetious Chicago highwaymen held up Policeman Cass Smith, one day lately, and relieved him of his star, club and revolver.

The State Pharmaceutical Association of Iowa has adopted a resolution declaring that alcohol is a greater necessity than tea and coffee

The fashionable end of Fifth avenue, in New York, is disfigured by a free lunch saloon. It is the only place of its kind in a stretch of four or five miles.

What is believed to be the highest tree in the world is at Dandenong, in Australia, where a gum tree is now growing at a computed height of 450 feet.

Lectures on the art of brewing, as practiced in the leading German Universities, have been the result of the Government establishing brewery schools in Bavaria.

Cigar dealer Zeigler, of Hornellsville, N. Y., recently offered $15 a week to any person who would sit in his store window for 10 hours and neither speak, smile nor smoke. Several attempted the task, but all failed.

Senor Don Austin Maldorado, his two brothers and his sister, all living in Madrid, Spain, have been officially recognized by the Mexican Government as descendants of the Aztec King Montezuma, and are to be allowed pensions accordingly.

Although the Spanish army at Melilla numbers 10,000 men, yet no less than 28 Generals are engaged in its command. Each of these Generals is attended by an entire staff, aides-de-camp, orderly officers, surgeon and military secretary.

A large flock of swans encountered a severe storm of hail and snow near Alliance, Ohio, on March 15th, which so weighted their plumage that their strength failed and they sank to the ground in an exhausted condition. They were all captured by men who had witnessed the unusual spectacle.

Not long ago an official crusade was begun against the word "Hello!" as used by telephone girls, in New York, in their efforts to notify clients that they were ready to transact business. "Number, please?" was the phase to be substituted for the free-and-easy exclamation that had been so long in use. But the word "Hello!" has refused to surrender to its more reputable rival, and "Hello, hello!" is still heard over the wires

Wrinkles, and how to avoid them, was a theme at a women's meeting recently. There was a grandmother there whose only outward sign of the position lay in dignity, not in face lines. There was also a society woman, who had kept a smooth brow in spite of receptions and dinners, and a business woman whose skin was delightfully unwrinkled. The grandmother claimed that the ivory state of her complexion was due to the simple rule that she never washed her face in cold water.

STILL ENDURE.

BY C. C.

Fly, hours, oh, fly, and wing your way
Through silent night and busy day!
Haste ye, oh, haste your loit'ring feet,
And, oh, speed on the hour we meet,
My love and I!

Cold, cold and gray are morning's beams;
Sunshine to me no sunshine seems;
Drear is my day, and dark my sky,
Wanting what still ye do deny—
Fly, hours, oh, fly!

Fly now, but then your speed delay
When dawns our Love's long-looked for day;
Or do your will, since Love so pure
Shall conquer Time, and still endure
Eternally.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

The complete isolation of New Zealand from other lands affords undoubtedly an explanation of many of its peculiarities in animal and plant life. No animal of the larger type is found in New Zealand. Indeed, the only native quadruped—and even that is doubtful—is a small rat called "kiori" by the Maoris. This rat and two kinds of bats are the only representatives of land mammals.

On the other hand, there are a good many kinds of moths, butterflies and gnats, but only two insects. It teems with such life on the borders of the bush. The writer well remembers how one hot summer evening, when the windows were thrown open, the moth tribe thronging in, heaped themselves upon the light until it was stifled—a holocaust celebrated by the trumpeting "ping" of half-a dozen mosquitoes.

The only other active and therefore vicious insect beside the mosquito is the sandfly; but its activity is confined to the daytime.

Native birds are very interesting, though, like the Maoris themselves, they are becoming rarer and rarer. The moa is already supposed to be extinct, and we know it only from its vast skeleton and egg, to be seen in the colonial museums.

There are, however, still existing two birds of the moa kind, though on a diminutive scale, these are the weka and kiwi—both provided with only the most rudimentary form of wings.

The weka is an intensely curious bird, with more oddities and greater knowingness than even Barnaby Rudge's raven. But the best loved of all is the "tui." Once one has heard its clear liquid bell-tones, on the fall and rise of which one's very soul hangs, it will never be forgotten. Young New Zealand calls it the "Parson Bird," by reason of the white spot on its breast, representing, as it were, the cleric choker. Besides these, there are a few varieties of hawk and parrot kind.

Its reptiles are confined to a few varieties of the lizard, and these are quite harmless, although held in great terror by the Maoris. Among all these animals there is no one dangerous to man. Perhaps exception should be made in the case of the katipo, a small dark spider with a red spot, the bite of which is said to be highly venomous. It is very rare, and we never had the satisfaction of falling in with it.

But surely the most curious of all objects is that which the Maoris call "aweto." One is uncertain whether to call it an animal or a plant. In the first stage of its existence it is simply a caterpillar about three or four inches in length, and always found in connection with the rata tree, a kind of flowering myrtle. It appears that when it reaches full growth, it buries itself two or three inches underground, where, instead of undergoing the ordinary chrysalis process, it becomes gradually transformed into a plant, which exactly fills the body, and shoots up at the neck to a height of eight or ten inches. This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive bulrush; and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable.

One is apt to relegate it to the domain of imagination, among dragons and mermaids; but then its existence and nature have been accepted by the late Frank Buckland. How it propagates its species is a mystery.

One traveler, after describing its dual nature, calmly states that it is the grub of the night butterfly. If so, then the grub must also become a butterfly, or what becomes of the species? One would be ready to suppose that the grub does really so, and that some fungus finds the cast-off slough congenial quarters for its growth. But as far as present observation, the grub never becomes a butterfly, but is changed in every case into a plant.

This singular deficiency in animal economy furnishes the Maoris with a plausible excuse for their past cannibalistic practices. We must suppose that the absence is due to the isolation of these islands, for there are no natural conditions antagonistic to animal life. On the contrary, nowhere has acclimatization been so successful as in New Zealand. All kinds of animals from the house-fly up to the horse have been introduced, and have flourished and multiplied in an almost miraculous manner.

Early settlers tell us that the few pigs set loose by Captain Cook at Gisborne had increased to such an extent as to overrun the whole of the North Island, and were eagerly hunted by the Maoris. It is well known how the country's permanent prosperity depends upon its unique adaptability for raising the cow, sheep and horse. You can now get a good riding back for three or four pounds.

All home birds are quite common—too common for the farmer's liking. Though most of the rivers have been stocked with trout, there has been a hitch in the introduction of the salmon. The ova are hatched, and the young fry, full of vigor and life, make their way to the sea; but they never return. What becomes of them is uncertain.

The acclimatization of animals in New Zealand has not been without some curious changes in the structure and habits. All of them seem to breed oftener and to attain a much larger size. The average weight of the sheep is sixty-eight pounds, double that of the home-sheep, and its fleece is twice as large. Trout are often caught more than thirty pounds, and they seem to take as well to sea-water as to fresh. Many birds that lived on insects in the home-country have become quite destructive to the colonist's crops. The lark here often sings during the night, and has become so indolent that it perches upon the fence whilst it sings.

Grains of Gold.

He that will not reflect is a ruined man.

They never pardon who commit the wrong.

No one can be happy without first being useful!

Our highest joy comes when others rejoice with us.

The people who talk the most too often say the least.

Some very good looking people are deformed on the inside.

Don't scold the world until you know what is in your own heart.

There are a great many people who have never learned how to rest.

Self-respect governs morality; respect for others governs our behavior.

The man who would lead others must not be afraid to walk by himself.

The man who knows a great deal never has to call attention to the fact.

If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your soul.

We would not be so anxious to get gold if we would pray more for contentment.

The fruit of ambition is seldom so sweet when tasted as it had been pleasing to the eye.

No matter how small a sin is, examine its tracks, and you will find that they point straight toward the pit.

Every one owes obedience to the laws, but a still higher obligation is due to morality; and, if it so happens that both cannot be complied with, it is better to do an illegal act than an immoral one.

Femininities.

Bella comes from the Latin, through the Italian, the beautiful one.

Gertrude was first used among the Germans, and means all truth.

Josiah, the name of a great Hebrew king, meant the fire of the Lord.

The Duchess of Fife, it is said, has a fancy for going about incognito.

Lavinia, a name of Latin origin, means a feminine native of Latium.

Some women forget half they know, especially when it comes to telling their ages.

A Camden girl goes by the name of Charity, because she always gives herself away.

The pearl is the only gem that does not need the lapidary's art to bring out its beauty.

In Central Russia the custom of husbands selling their wives still prevails to a large extent.

Working girls are said to earn better wages in San Francisco than in any other American city.

"Ebbery man's ideal woman," Brer Gardner says, "is one who would believe he caught whales in de river if he told her so."

A bill conferring municipal suffrage upon women was introduced in the Massachusetts House of Representatives lately. Of 110 members who voted, but 16 were for it.

Belle: "What an absurd man Mr. Snooks is! He told me he hoped I never giggled."

Bessie: "And what did you say?"

Belle: "I giggled."

Queen Victoria has declined to purchase the necklace, ear-rings and brooch in the Eglinton collection which had belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. Queen Mary is not one of her Majesty's favorites.

A Shelbyville, Mo., girl who had her ears pierced against her doctor's advice, has a severe attack of neuralgia whenever she wears earrings. She persists in wearing them, however, and continues to suffer.

Mrs. William Todd Helmuth, who has been elected President of Sorosis, had to be kissed by all the members, and when it was over she is said to have remarked in a sly tone: "Well, men have some advantages over us yet."

The discovery has been made by a German physiologist that the milk of inebriate mothers contains a small amount of alcohol; and it is his belief that such mothers communicate to their offspring a desire for stimulants.

The new pastor of a country church said to one of his deacons: "I find Brother Linkum has very liberal religious views."

"Yes," replied the deacon, "Brother Linkum is more liberal in his views than in his contributions."

England's Horticultural College for Women is in its fourth and most prosperous year. It teaches women to take charge of estates, gardens and poultry yards, and the working day is divided into five hours of practice out of doors and two hours of theory. The course is two years.

Marshal Von Moltke's letters to his fiancee and wife (who was only 19 when she married, while he was 41), which have just been published, advised her to avoid politics. He says: "Women in particular should remain silent; their field is domestic economy, their fatherland the home."

A Liverpool jeweler has discovered a missing diamond brooch under very extraordinary circumstances. It had been placed with him for repairs, but disappeared. One day a joiner came to do some work, and he discovered a rat's nest, wherein was found the brooch and several other articles of value.

If that killing of a poor woman in Ithaca by the practical joking of college students causes all hazing operations to come under the heavy ban of the law some good will come out of evil, and college boys need not be any the less manly because they are deprived of this dangerous kind of savage play.

A paragraph in a scientific paper states that a healthy girl of 17, devoting herself to hospital nursing, dies on the average 21 years sooner than a girl of the same age moving among the general population; and a hospital nurse at the age of 25 has the same expectation of life as a person at the age of 56 in the ordinary community.

Little Helen Keller's efforts to establish a free library at Tuscumbia, Ala., are being enthusiastically praised by the Alabama press. Helen is only 11 years old, and was blind and deaf at her birth. Only recently she has been able to speak; and yet with all these obstacles she has met with great success in her free library enterprise.

The summer resort of Cape May received its name from Cornhus Jacobus Mey, a navigator of the Dutch West India Company, and beneath the name lies the half-forgotten historic fact that the region about the Point was purchased of the Indians by the Dutch in 1630. The deed given at the original purchase of the land is still preserved at Albany.

Masculinities.

To want to be good is the surest prophecy that we may be.

Miss Mary Happy was married recently to James Lucky, in Halifax, N. S.

It is surprising the amount of trouble a man will endure before it reaches him.

Let it never be said that when a man jumps for joy his delight knows no bounds.

Mr. Pitman says that only one person in eight who professes to write shorthand can transcribe his notes.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

The word "fad" is made up of the first three letters of the words for a day—a most sensible derivation, as one will see.

There never was an idea started that wakes up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank.

John Wade, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Wade, of Wentzville, Missouri, is 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 282 pounds.

Man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

The county newspaper of North Parkman, Maine, seriously rebuked editorially a certain young woman of that town who has never learned to knit.

Two citizens of Nelson, Neb., are in equal demand of attention. They fought over a bottle of wine, made up, and bought two bottles apiece, just to square things.

The father of a brand-new baby is as badly off in one respect as the leader of a popular dance orchestra. That is, he gets little rest until after the bawl is over.

The marriage of Mr. Yates, aged 75 years, of Bellevue, Ohio, and Mrs. Sawyer, 72 years old, recently, was against the wishes of their children. The aged couple eloped.

Capital punishment in Denmark is executed publicly with the ax, and if several are to be decapitated on the same date one is not present when the other is executed.

"I am always moved by the sound of music," said young Phathead, as the clock struck 11. "Let me play something for you!" said Miss Uplate, with sudden eagerness.

In Louisville, Ky., lately, one colored man shot another who had refused to remove a red necktie he insisted upon wearing, though about to act as pall-bearer at a funeral.

Easter luck is very desirable, as it rules the year in the calendar of superstition. There should be presents and new clothes; one article at least of wardrobe should be new at Easter.

Charles Bader, of Newark, and Miss Violet M. Hervey, of Ringoes, N. J., could not afford a carriage, so they mounted a bicycle and rode to the home of the Rev. I. B. Hapwood, who married the couple.

R. J. Walden attempted suicide by drowning at Houston, Texas, recently. Tying a valise around his neck he jumped into a bayou. The valise floated and kept him from sinking until he was rescued.

A woman who brought suit against a railroad company in Kentucky, recently, was awarded $150 for the killing of her horse and one cent for her husband, who had received fatal injuries in the same accident.

A French physician has constructed an acting model of the human heart. It is of the same hue, size and consistency of the natural organ, with every detail, and a red fluid courses through it and through artificial arteries.

An anti-tobacconist in Middletown, N. Y., who went about the streets snatching pipes and cigars from the mouths of smokers, claimed, when hauled before a magistrate, that he had a right to breathe a smokeless atmosphere.

Harry T. Burleigh, a young colored man, who was born in Erie, Pa., was the first of his race to sing in a surpliced choir in New York, where all the other members are white. He is now singing in St. George's Episcopal Church choir.

The ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England says public drinking troughs for horses are a curse to horseflesh, as they spread farcy and glanders. Troughs with separate compartments are recommended.

Jinks: "Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?"

Winks: "I shall make a plumber of him."

"Has he a bent that way?"

"He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week."

The message spoken into a phonograph by the late Cardinal Manning was heard for the first time recently by a distinguished company, to whom it was distinctly audible. It was a characteristic one, as follows: "To all who may come after me, I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to any one after I am dead."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

In the productions of the season so far, a handsome walking suit for a young girl of about 17 was of gobelin blue cheviot, with an irregular pattern of broken lines of navy blue running crosswise. Around the bottom there was a zigzag pattern of blue and black striped braid. There was a pointed cape, with a pelerine collar of navy blue velvet. The pretty sailor hat worn with this suit had a navy blue band of velvet and a couple of small plumes.

The sailor hat has proved too becoming to be forgotten, and among the new shapes the dear old sailor has its place. With the sailor hat by a natural sequence goes the reefer jacket. These are made of French clay diagonal and are generally half fitting, though some are straight in front. There are also light clay diagonals, with large pearl or bone buttons. There are handsome covert coats, tight fitting, with wide revers and umbrella backs. They sell from $6 to $10, according to where bought. They are lined with surah. I noticed particularly an English kersey paddock coat, with a full umbrella back and balloon sleeves and having a folded moire collar and an incroyable bow of wide black moire ribbon with white lace at the ends.

In a luxurious age underclothing is an expensive consideration. Corsets are made of faille, brocade and satin, light shades, and trimmed with real Valenciennes. Drawers are no longer in the knickerbocker form, but are short, wide and straight, with a row of insertion in which ribbon is passed, and are finished with falling lace. Under petticoats come in soft silk and Liberty satin, with bouillonnes of mousseline de soie or chiffon, and flounces of Valenciennes or other lace. For evening wear, light colored silk stockings are in vogue, embroidered and sometimes spangled; but for day wear black stockings are still in favor.

For summer gowns Valenciennes lace is used to form entire petticoats. It is inexpensive and the effect is very good. Many of the satin sleeves of gowns are covered with lace, point de Beages being much in demand for this purpose. The simple baby bodice which the summer frock will be at its best in is frequently all a fluffy mass of lace. Spangled laces are all the vogue. The spangles blend with the coloring of the gown. Lace is also a conspicuous element of the fashionable summer hat.

A "torsade" of tulle, really a turban-like head-dress, takes the place of an evening bonnet.

Tulle is spangled with gold or embroidered in black beads.

A green silk robe is covered with an overskirt of green silk and black gauze, and ruches of black spotted net. The bodice is made of white insertion, and the sleeves the same to the wrist, the upper part draped in bouffants, with choux of pink and light and dark green; wide waistband, coming from under the arms, and forming two wide loops at the back, fastened with paste buckles. This dress, and others in the same style, are destined to appear at the early garden parties and country club teas.

A visiting dress in red crepon has a plain skirt, except for a narrow black satin flounce round the foot; the bodice is draped with satin of the same shade, and the sleeves are also satin. With this comes an elegant cape of the same cloth, made with three collar-capes, rather pointed, and each lined with satin.

A dainty sage-green alpaca is most simple, and yet useful. The skirt is round, and has two narrow flounces cut on the straight of the material; in each flounce two rows of open black gimp are let in, like insertion; two similar flounces ornament the bodice as a bertha, and two also edge the bodice as a basque.

A street gown of brown crepon is made up with panels of plaid taffeta silk. The skirt is long and full, and a panel of taffeta falls from the waist line in front. The trimming is of black satin, graduated points of it falling from the belt line. The waist has a jacket front of plaid taffeta, appliqued and embroidered, and is strapped over the shoulder with black satin. Another pretty gown, suitable as a visiting dress, is of navy blue and white Liberty satin. The Liberty satin is a pretty combination of white and blue, and when made up is quite "fetching." This gown has a full skirt, with a band of cream-white cloth at the bottom, stitched with an edge of absinthe-green velvet. The waist is soft and full in front, and is opened up on either side to show a gleam of the absinthe-green velvet. Cream-white cloth buttons and a collar of the absinthe-green velvet set off the costume.

An elegant reception gown is of pale blue crepe, with tiny black polka dots, and black satin, and exquisitely embroidered in black and gold. The skirt was a sort of double vandyked skirt. The edge of each skirt was bordered with a broad band of black satin and outlined with the gold and black embroidery. These skirts terminated in draperies that formed cascaded vandykes. The back was full and plain, with the exception of these Vandykes. The round bodice was literally covered with deep vandykes of satin: those in the back reached to the waist, and those in the front were shorter, to show the serpentine effect of the front. The sleeves were the new-style dressed sleeves, with a vandyked cuff of black satin embroidered in the gold and black. This style of sleeve is decidedly swagger.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Washing Woolens.—If you do not wish to have white woolens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woolens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hands, or slightly pound them with a clothes pounder. The suds used should be strong, and the woolens should be rinsed in warm water. By rubbing flannels on a board, and rinsing them in cold water, they soon become very thick.

Scorched Linen.—Peel and slice two onions; extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; add to the juice half an ounce of cut fine white soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together. When cool, spread it over the scorched linen and let it dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear, unless burned so badly as to break the thread.

To Whiten Linen.—Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft clear warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

To Prevent Streaking.—Do not let your laundress or washerwoman put clothes into the bluing water until they have been well shaken; if tossed in while folded, as they come through the wringer they are almost certain to be streaked with bluing, and although after repeated washings these streaks will come out, every one knows how aggravating it is to use napkins or handkerchiefs that show traces of careless washing.

Washing Merinos and Silk.—The following directions for washing merinos, lambswool and silk under-clothing may be useful: Use one pound of dissolved soap in four gallons of warm water, in which well rinse the articles to be washed, drawing them repeatedly through the hand, wring them as dry as possible to remove the soap; rinse them again briskly in clean, lukewarm water; wring them to their proper shape, and dry in open air if possible.

To Wash a Muslin Dress.—Make a good lather, and wash the muslin in cold water, never putting it into warm water, even to rinse it. If the muslin is green, add a wineglassful of vinegar to the water in which it is rinsed; if lilac, the same quantity of ammonia. For black and white muslins, use a small quantity of sugar of lead.

To Wash a Cambric Handkerchief.—To wash a fine cambric handkerchief, embroidered in colored silks, so that the colors do not run, the secret is to wash in a soap lather very quickly, wring thoroughly and then iron, so that it dries at once. There should be no soaking, and the embroidered corner should be kept out of the water as much as possible. A little alum in the water will make the process more sure.

To Take Mildew from Clothes.—Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part with a brush; let it lay on the grass, day and night, till the stain comes out. Iron molds may be removed by the salt of lemons. Many stains may be removed by dipping the linen in sour buttermilk, and then drying it in a hot sun; wash it in cold water; repeat this three or four times. Stains, caused by acids, may be removed by tying some pearlash up in the stained part; scrape some soap in cold, soft water, and boil the linen till the stain is gone.

Delicious Pudding.—Take one breakfast-cupful each of jam, moist sugar, flour, finely-minced suet, bread-crumbs, raisins stoned and chopped, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix all the ingredients, except the soda, thoroughly together; then add the carbonate dissolved in a little warm milk, and boil the pudding for four hours.

CUSTOMER: "Is this meat dear?" Butcher: "Nein. Id vas sheep."

ABOUT MISERS.

DANIEL DANCER was one of the class of misers who hoarded money for the pleasure of secreting it. In this he but followed an hereditary tendency, as his father and grandfather had all done the same.

It has been said that miserly instincts as a general rule are not inherited, but this case was undoubtedly an exception; for not only himself but his brothers and sisters were all of a miserly disposition.

He was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century at Weald, a village near Harrow England, and on the death of his father, Daniel, the eldest son, inherited a fair estate.

He suffered great uneasiness at this time on account of a feeling of certainty which possessed him that his father had concealed large sums of money about the premises.

His trouble was not occasioned so much by the idea that the money might not be discovered, but from the fear that his brothers might find it and not give it him. Ultimately, about two hundred pounds in gold and silver coins were discovered enclosed in two pewter dishes buried beneath a gate-post, and nothing more was ever found.

Dancer spent the whole of his life in the house on Harrow Weald Common and a dreary, wretched blank that life was.

The house stood in about eighty acres of rich meadow-land, with some fine oak-trees upon it; and there was also a small farm adjoining.

The whole, if properly cultivated, might at that time have brought a nice little income. But cultivation is expensive, so he preferred to let everything run to grass.

The house was never repaired, and gradually fell into sad decay. The gates on the premises were all off their hinges, and the hedges were allowed to grow until they became useless.

He also practised a rigid economy upon his own person. He seldom washed his hands and face, and when he did, dispensed with the luxury of either soap or towel.

His tattered clothes, of which the original colors were unrecognizable, were held together by means of a hayband wound round his body, his legs being encased in a similar covering.

A more forlorn or wretched looking object it would be impossible to imagine; and yet at this time he was in possession of property of the annual value of three thousand pounds.

As he at this time lived alone, being too penurious to allow himself help of any kind, his dwelling offered a temptation to robbery that was not likely to be resisted. His well-known avarice was an excuse, and seemed also a palliation for the crime.

On several occasions thieves broke into the house, and once or twice he was nearly hanged in the endeavor to extort from him a confession where he had hidden his money.

At length he securely nailed up all the doors and windows of his house, save one on the upper floor, which he entered by means of a ladder, dragging it in after him like Robinson Crusoe.

As no man is wholly bad, so this miserable miser had one good quality. Lady Tempest, his nearest neighbor, pitied the man, and had been kind to him, visiting him when he was ill, and endeavoring to persuade him to allow himself a few of the necessaries of life.

Not succeeding in getting him to abandon the sack in which he had slept for years, she actually presented him with a bed. In gratitude for her kindness, he made a will in her favor, and one day, when he thought he was dying, he sent for her, and gave her the paper.

Having thus yielded up all that was dear to him on earth, he soon sank, and died on September 4, 1794 aged seventy eight, and was buried in the churchyard of his parish of Harrow.

Apart from his besetting weakness—craze, call it what you will—he often exhibited strong common sense, and there is no doubt but for that weakness he would have been a reputable citizen and a credit to his family.

John Elwes is a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice. Born to great riches, he nevertheless developed a passion for accumulating wealth by denying himself common necessaries to such a degree as to make his name famous. The career of John Elwes presents in many respects a marked contrast to that of Dancer, and furnishes an example of the terrible inconsistency of man.

His father's name was Megott, a brewer of Southwark, who died when the boy was about four years old; and it was to the principles instilled by his mother, and later, the advice and example of his uncle, that John Elwes probably owed the most marked traits in his character.

Although her husband left her one hundred thousands pounds, it is said she starved herself to death. Her son was sent to Westminster School, where he remained some years, and became a good classical scholar.

He inherited about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds from his uncle, Sir Harry Elwes, who was himself as penurious as his nephew afterwards became; and as his own fortune was of a similar amount, he was at this time a very rich man.

For fifteen years before his uncle's death John Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis, his large fortune introducing him to the best society. His passion for play—a passion at that time rampant in society—was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not until late in life that he entirely relinquished it. According to his own assertion, few played deeper or with more varying success.

He once sat playing for two days and a night with the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he lost seven thousands.

Strange inconsistency! that while struggling to save sixpences and shillings, he could thus fritter away thousands of pounds.

At this time he was his uncle's acknowledged heir, and used to visit him frequently at his seat in Suffolk. It is said that, fearful that his uncle would think him wantonly extravagant if he appeared before him in his ordinary dress, he hired a room in a cottage near, where he used to call and change his clothes for a very mean-looking quiet suit.

As Elwes grew in years, his parsimony increased. He took to building largely in London around Marylebone, and this entailed frequent visits to the metropolis.

On these occasions it was his custom to occupy any house of his own that might happen to be empty. In this manner he moved about from street to street, so that his own relations never knew where to find him.

A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all the furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. He used to say that of all his movables the old woman gave him the most trouble. She was always taking cold from the chilliness of the large rooms, coupled with insufficient firing.

His son George having married, was naturally anxious that his father should make his home with him. One obstacle advanced by the old man was the expense of the journey; this was overcome by the attorney employed by his son offering to take him to Berkshire free of cost.

Next, he stated that his last coat was so shabby, and he could not afford to buy another. This objection was otherwise overcome through the same agency, his son desiring Mr. Partis, the attorney, to buy one and make him a present of it.

He finally went to reside with his son on his estate in Berkshire; but his memory was beginning to fail him, and he was continually losing the small sum of money which he had taken with him and which he declared was all he had in the world.

It was about five pounds; and this he used to hide, and being unable to find it, declared that he had been robbed.

At last, having become very feeble, and his memory quite gone, he died on the 26th of November 1788, leaving property to the amount of eight hundred thousand pounds. His two natural sons inherited half a million; and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, descended to the heir-at-law.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low Neck Dressing, Water Cranes, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—A lady in London wanted to communicate with a friend in America, whose address she did not know. In order to obtain the needed information she wrote to another friend, who also lived in the New World. The letter was duly despatched, but the ship which carried it was wrecked and the mails went to the sea bottom. They were eventually recovered, however, and the letter in question, torn and discolored, found its way back to the sender. While subjecting it to a minute examination, the lady was surprised to find part of another letter adhering to it, upon which epistle was the full address of the friend with whom she wished to correspond. In this strange way, without having reached its destination, her letter had brought to her the answer desired.

IN A NEW LIGHT.—"Judas Iscariot was so called because he had red hair," was the reply of a scholar at a London grammar school to a question in his Scripture paper.

Another youth contributed the following wonderful piece of intelligence in his paper on history.

"Joan of Arc was a barmaid: a pillar of fire went before her by day, and a pillar of cloud by night."

A third lad outstripped his companions by calmly asserting that—

"Henry VIII. was an elderly Mormon."

FATHER, to son who is leaning over gallery railing: "Take care, Johnny, don't fall. It'll cost you a dollar more in the orchestra."

Recent Book Issues.

Ex-Governor Wm. Larrabee, of Iowa, has written an interesting, able and valuable book on "The Railroad Question." It well treats the great subject of commercial transportation, in all its phases, historically, statistically and economically. The author's object is to show that so long as railroads are in private hands they do not perform their true functions. The volume is elegantly printed and beautifully bound. Published by the Schulte Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Part Four of "The Book of The Fair," published by the Bancroft Company, Chicago, has just been issued. Words fail to do this magnificent work justice. In its beauty, comprehensiveness and illustrations it is a worthy type in print of the great Exposition. To descriptions, that are at once complete and brief, it adds hundreds of magnificent pictures. The paper and printing are one with the whole splendid character of the publication. Next to having visited the Fair this work is about as good a means as one could have to form a satisfactory idea what it was. Price, one dollar per part.

VALUABLE RUBBISH.

TURNING from nature's process to that of man, we find that he is doing his best, however, to follow the thrifty example she sets him. For many and many a year no doubt the pine tree shed its pointed, needle-like leaves in the Silesian forests, and there they were left to decay and turn into mould at their leisure, until M. Pannewitz started a manufactory for converting them into forest-wool, which, besides being efficacious in cases of rheumatism when applied in its woolly state, can also be curled, felted or woven. Mixed with cotton, it has even been used for blankets and wearing apparel.

The history of gas making best shows the value of "rubbish." To begin with. The coal which yields most gas is termed "cannel" coal, and has been worth from twenty five to thirty shillings a ton or more; whereas fifty years ago, before the introduction of gas, it was looked upon as almost worthless. In distilling coal for gas, a liquor is produced which for a long time was so great an inconvenience to the gas companies that they actually paid for permission to drain it into the common sewers as the simplest way of getting rid of it. This gas liquor contains salts of ammonia, together with naphtha and tar, and the tar is now made by repeated distillation to yield pitch, benzole, creosote, carbolic acid, the substance known as paraffine, and aniline.

It seems strange now that these valuable products should ever have been thrown away as useless; still stranger is it to learn that we derive from these waste substances the whole series of beautiful colors called aniline dyes. Naphthaline is another residuary product, by a novel application of which it is said that the light-giving properties of gas may be enhanced fourfold at a trifling cost. But the uses to which the waste liquor of the gasworks may be put are not yet exhausted; for not only is it turned to account itself, but combined with the slaty shales found among the coal, which were also at one time a source of perpetual annoyance, it yields alum—used in manufacture of paper and preparation of leather; copperas or green vitriol (sulphate of iron), used in dying, tanning and the manufacture of ink, and Prussian blue, and sulphuric acid.

Rags are now recognized as such a valuable commodity that in some countries their export is forbidden by governments; nevertheless, from one source or another the papermakers of England alone import annually some eighteen or twenty thousand tons of linen and cotton rags and collect quantities at home. These rags are of varying degrees of cleanliness, as may be imagined; some of the English ones require no bleaching at all, while those of Italy bear away the palm for dirt.

Old sails are made into the paper used for bank-notes, so it is said, and old ropes reappear as brown paper; but many other things beside flax, hemp and cotton are now used in the manufacture, and paper is made and remade over again.

Not a scrap of paper need be wasted, for there are plenty of persons ready to buy it, and if not good enough for remanufacture as paper, it can always be converted into papier mache, no matter what its color or quality.

Cuttings of paper made by bookbinders, pasteboard makers, envelope cutters, pocket-book makers and paper-hangers are readily bought up; and so, too, are tons' weight of old ledgers and account books, by the papier-mache manufacturer, together with old letters and other paper rubbish, giving a pledge that all shall be promptly consigned to destruction in his large vat; and out of this heterogeneous assemblage he produces a substance so hard and firm and durable that it has been suggested as suitable for making soldiers' huts and even ships.

FUNNY STORY OF A PAIR OF RAMS.—In a spectacular piece produced recently at the Wallner Theatre, of Berlin, two handsome rams were engaged as "supers," and gave nightly satisfaction to crowded houses by the grave and amiable conscientiousness with which they performed the parts assigned to them.

When the play was withdrawn, the stage-manager resolved, in an evil hour, to take them home and put them up in his kitchen until the following morning. Shortly after daybreak the manager's cook, whose duty it was to prepare her master's morning cup of coffee and take it to his bedside, fulfilled this usual function with her accustomed punctuality, but unfortunately omitted to close the kitchen door behind her.

The rams, impelled by natural curiosity followed her into the drawing-room, through which she had to pass in order to reach her master's bedchamber. While casting a sheep's eye round the handsomely-furnished salon, they suddenly found themselves in the presence of two other rams; at least, such was the impression conveyed to them by the reflection of their own forms from the polished surface of a huge mirror adorning one side of the room from floor to ceiling.

No ram that respected itself could be expected passively to endure so exciting a rencontre. Accordingly, the manager's guests, after deliberately taking the measure of their doubles, lowered their horns and rushed to the fray. So terrific a crash ensued that the panic-stricken cook let fall the breakfast tray with a shriek of consternation, and the manager, his slumbers thus rudely broken, sadly contemplated a scene of ruin and destruction. He is stated to have expressed his conviction that accommodating rams with a night's lodging in a private house is an injudicious practice.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Not many years ago, two Frenchmen, one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless, occupied, by chance, the same room in a hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion.

"It is my last desperate resource; I am penniless and tired of life! give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman of Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the dence are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well, then, blow and be darned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Note you will be arrested for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "Oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb;" he coolly remarked; and at the word he started for the Gaul. But the latter was too nimble; for the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude will not answer for another.

A MUCH NEEDED REFORM.—Contact with Occidental civilization is having its influence on the various Oriental potentates. The Maharajah of Mysore has recently recommended a reform in the infant marriages in his domain. He has accordingly issued instructions, subject to the approval of the higher authorities, forbidding the marriage of girls under eight years of age and boys under fourteen. It has been the custom from time immemorial in India for children to step from the kindergarten into the matrimonial state, and a change such as that projected by the Maharajah is decidedly in the nature of reform.

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Humorous.

THEY'RE ALL ALIKE.

"You and I have flirted 'some'
Now and then;
But we're mutually dumb,
Gwendolen,
With regard to 'other days'—
Never fear,
Yours were harmless little ways,
Gwenny dear.

"Other girls, as sweet and gay,
I have met;
Just as nice in every way,
Gwen, my pet!
There's a subtle charm in thee
Holds me fast;
What's the reason? Well, you see,
You're the last!"

—U. N. None.

"This is a soft snap," said the bulldog, as he fastened his teeth in the fat boy's leg.

"Why did you kick that fellow just now?" "Only to show that we are on an equal footing. He kicked me yesterday."

"What," cried the orator, fiercely, "what, I ask, causes poverty?" And from the back of the hall a hoarse voice answered: "Lack of cash."

Daughter: "The Count comes of a very old family, papa." Papa: "Yes, I know. His father and mother kept an ice cream stall, and both lived to be past ninety."

Bridegroom, just after the ceremony: "Did we look very scared?"

Bachelor Friend: "Scared? No, indeed. Why, I've seen people on the gallows not half so composed."

Young Gotnix, sadly: "I saw a sign in a window down the street that exactly described my condition."

Jones: "What was it?"

Gotnix: "Cash girl wanted."

He: "Where did Miss Fosdick get her lovely golden hair—from her father or her mother?"

Maude: "She must have got it from her father. I notice his is all gone."

"I'm in a deuce of a fix, old man," said Bawld.

"Don't borrow trouble, me boy," said Jinks, soothingly.

"'Tisn't that I want to borrow, old fel; it's a tenner."

"Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the Academy?"

"Oh, mum, there was a picture there called 'Two Dogs, after Landseer,' but I looked at it for nearly half an hour, and I couldn't see no Landseer."

She: "And are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club?"

He: "Oh, yes."

She: "And are you so awfully fond of your club?"

He: "Not very."

Craver: "I'm not ambitious. I don't care for a great man's son and lots of style. All I ask for is a little box with flowers, trees and plenty of ground around me."

Gradgrind: "Well, why don't you buy a plot in Greenwood and die."

Jeweler: "I can't let you have another engagement ring, Mr. Upton. You owe me for three already."

Hardy Upton: "You'd better let me have this one, too. If this goes, I'll be in position to pay for the others in a few months."

"Bobby is attending to his piano lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle.

"Yes," replied his mother, "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice.

"The beauty of this medicine," said Dr. Rybold, writing the directions on the bottle and handing it to the nurse, "is that it will make him too sick to eat anything for the next three days. That will give nature a chance to take a whack at him. When me and nature can work together on a patient," added the doctor, putting on his hat and gloves, "we can pull him right out of the kinks every time."

"You—you will not do anything rash, Mr. Harkalong, will you?" asked the young woman, in a trembling voice.

The rejected lover, pale but resolute, rose slowly to his feet.

"Henrietta Flunkett," he answered, through his set teeth, "I will! Just as surely as you stand there, proud, heartless beauty that you are, I shall be in the South Sea Islands six months from now, the happy husband of 14 wives!"

Countryman, to fellow-passenger in train: "Wud you please be so kind, sir, as to tell me the name of them fine buildses?"

Fellow-passenger, civilly: "Those are orphan homes."

Countryman: "Sure, is it orphans that live there?"

Fellow-passenger: "You've guessed it the first time."

Countryman, after admiring the buildings: "Well, it's a splendid thing to be born an orphan."

Where Fog Prevails.—We are accustomed to think of London as the place above all others where fog prevails. But London is by no means the worst place in this respect. Figures are available only for four years, and "from these returns," according to Mr. R. H. Scott, F. R. S., "it appears that in winter the very foggiest district is the East Coast of England, Yarmouth and North Shields recording respectively thirty-four and twenty-eight days in the space of four winters or twelve complete months. Next to these comes much abused London, and equal to it is Oxford, both with twenty-four days. In their case it is the Thames Valley which is to blame, while the East Coast stations get their fogs from the sea. That this obscurity of the atmosphere is not peculiar to the two ports we have named is proved by the fact that Dover and Scarborough also enjoy an unenviable pre-eminence among British stations as regards winter fogs. In spring Shields and Scarborough again come out as foggy; but few persons are likely from choice to select the East Coast as a residence in winter and spring."

Have Parrots Memories?—A Spanish lady had a pet parrot trained only to the Spanish language. The lady died and the parrot, still quite young, was sold to an Englishman traveling in Spain, who brought him to this country, where he soon became a family pet. The bird mourned for a long while, seeming to miss his native associates and air woefully indeed, but gradually became accustomed to the new people and language, and eventually began to chatter in English and feel himself perfectly at home. Years passed away. Poll's bright plumage faded, and age left traces all about him. His food had to be of the softest, he could no longer climb upon his perch, but the family cared for him tenderly in his now voiceless old age. One day a Spanish gentleman visited the house, and in the course of conversation some Spanish words were used, and for the first time in years Poll heard his native tongue again. With a shriek of peculiar joy the bird spread out its wings and uttering a string of long-forgotten Spanish, the next moment dropped down upon the floor of its cage—dead.

The Shah.—The late Shah of Persia was more anxious than able to acquire the fame of a poet. He had just completed a new performance in very "peculiar metre," and summoned the Court Poet into the royal presence to hear the poem read. The Laureate was either an unusually conscientious courtier or he was afraid of losing his berth if his master took to rhyming on his own account; and when his opinion was asked he—to use theatrical language—"damned" the composition. The Shah, enraged at the uncourtly criticism, gave orders that the Court Poet should be taken to the stable, and tied up in the same stall with a donkey. Here the poor sinner remained until his royal rival had perpetrated another poem, when he was again commanded to appear before the throne, and submit to a second infliction of sovereign dulness. He listened in silence whilst the poem was read; and at the conclusion, his opinion being requested, he fell upon his knees, and significantly exclaimed to the royal author "Send me back to the donkey!"

Drunkenness.—The most recently suggested remedy for drunkenness is petroleum or paraffin oil, to which the attention of the St. Petersburg medical authorities was called by accident. It appears that a man, who had been drinking heavily for four days and nights, entered in a complete state of intoxication a grocer's shop, without being conscious of where he was or what he was doing. Unnoticed by the shop keeper, he staggered up to an open cask of petroleum and began drinking from it. With difficulty he was dragged away from the cask, and, seeing the large quantity of petroleum he had imbibed, it was expected he would fall down senseless, and be seriously ill. Instead of this however, it is related that petroleum had cured him of all the ill effects of over drinking, nausea, unsteadiness of gait, and headache disappearing as if by magic. In fact, it is stated he left the shop sober, and quite another man as compared with what he was before he took the draught of petroleum.

John.—It is remarkable that many of the historical persons who bore the name of John were unfortunate either in their lives or in their deaths. England has had but a single King John, and he was one of the meanest and cruellest rulers that ever filled her throne. John Baliol, sometime King of Scotland, was just as poor-spirited and contemptible. Of the twenty three Popes John, three died in jail; two were murderers; one was imprisoned for three years; and one died from the fall of a house. Of the seven Emperors of the East (Constantinople) called John, one was poisoned, another blinded, a third was monarch in name only, and a fourth gave up the throne owing to his worries. Plenty of other instances could be quoted to show that this name, in connection with royal power, has been singularly unhappy for the many wearers of it.

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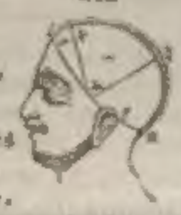

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Navy Pay Office, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. Russell, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
Leonard Myers.
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.35, 3.50, 5.15, ,6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars) p m. 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 8.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, ,6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, ,8 35 (dining car) p m. 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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